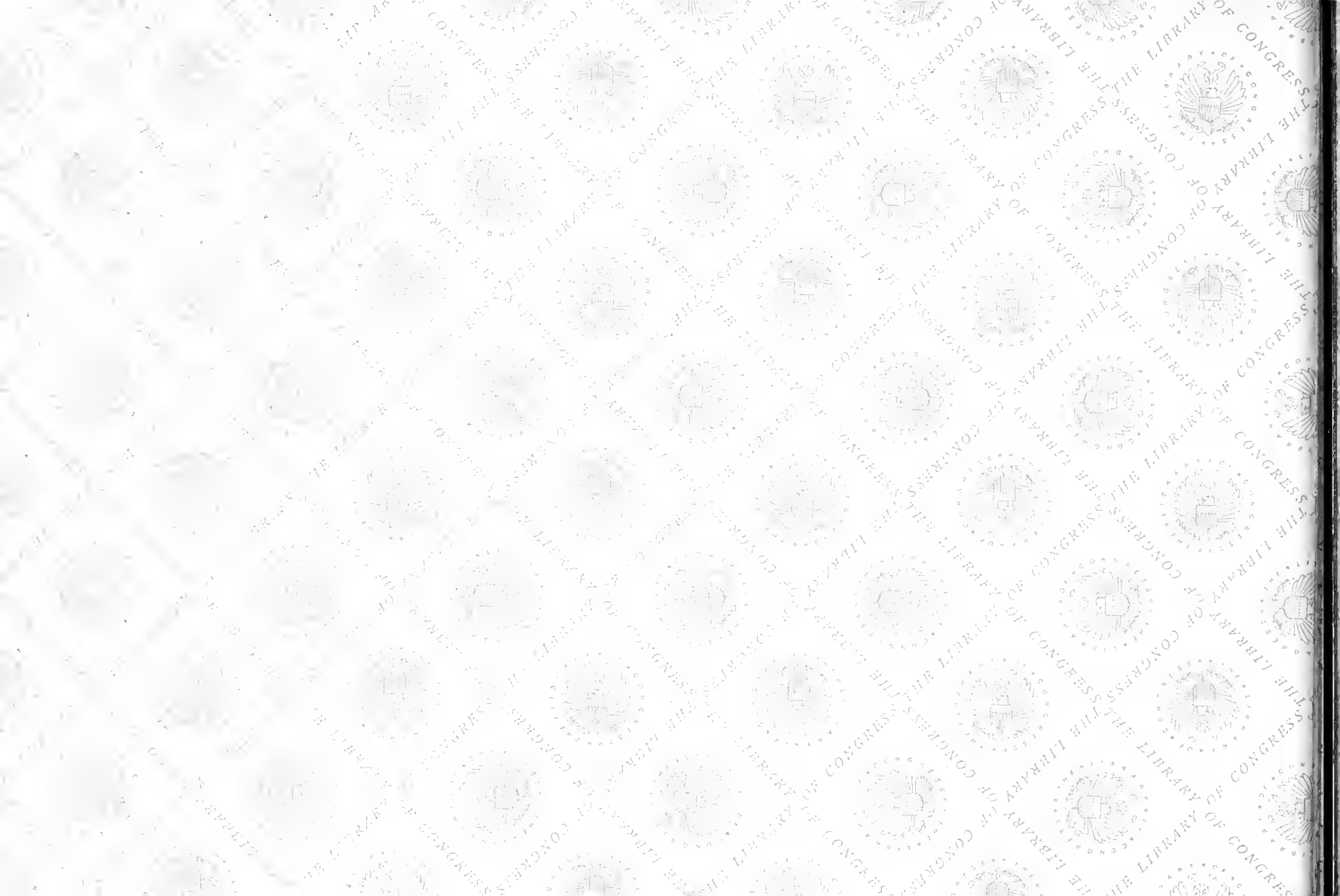
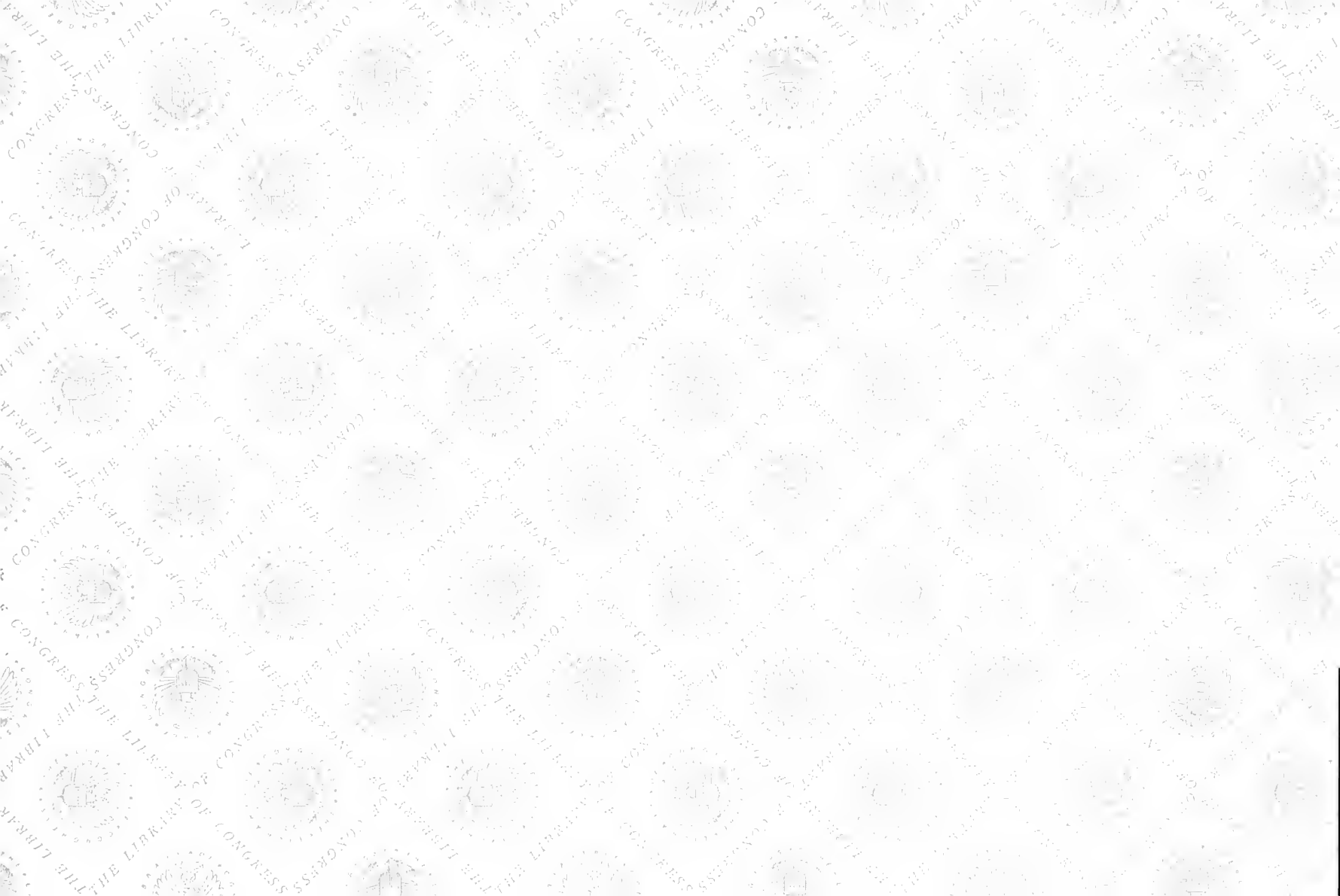


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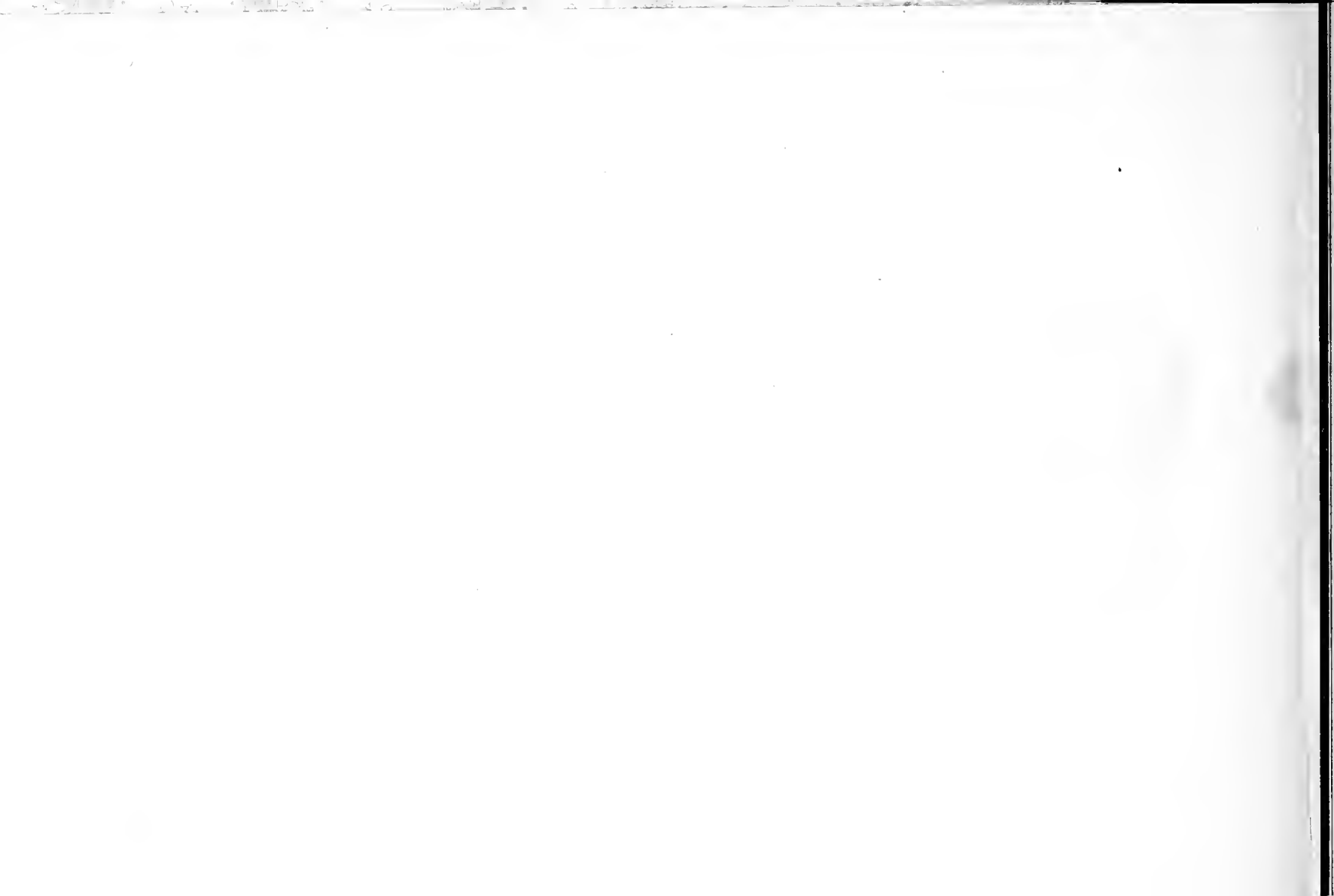
1900











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LEGENDS=HISTORIC,  
OR  
SMITH RIVER IN VERSE.

BY  
R. N. SUTHERLIN.



WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA.  
ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUSBANDMAN CO.

—1888—

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## PREFACE.

THIS publication is a record of legends and incidents—an important part of our country's history—which have come to the author in a research of over a third of a century in the far-west which he designed for a chapter of western history in prose that he hoped to write as a matter of pastime, but the embarrassment of the Auditorium project, of which he was a zealous promoter, has induced him, as a last resort, to offer this quaint portfolio in verse for the benefit of this magnificent temple of amusement with the hope of finishing and furnishing the same, the entire proceeds of this edition having been dedicated to this purpose. The consummation of an end so desirable is to all lovers of oratory, music and the drama, and to all devotees to the muse, Terpsichore, who rules the enchanting song and dance, an apology ample for the story being told in rhyme, it being in harmony with the purpose sought. It possesses the spice of brevity and of being up to the life of its times. In the unraveling of the story of man's occupation of one little portion of the earth's surface a large amount of historic data is brought into use which gives the work an interest far beyond that of the locality where its scenes are laid. It is not a mere romance, but is true so far as it is possible to decipher the truth from the records traced by the cycles of time on the face of nature. The descriptions, which may seem overdrawn, are but tame in the eyes of the writer as compared with the scenic beauty they attempt to portray, the splendor of which neither the inspiration of the brush nor cunning of the pencil can convey an adequate idea

THE AUTHOR.

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BY  
*SUTHERLIN BROS.*  
1900





Smith River as it Winds its Way Northward into the Great Canyon.



THE explorers of this country, from the far east and south,  
Who sailed up the Missouri to its source from its mouth.  
When they reached where the sounding cataracts separate  
The great walled canyon, now the mountain's gate,  
A pure chrystal torrent rushing on in wild turmoil  
From the sullen current below bedimmed with crumbling soil.  
They made a portage by land some twenty miles around,  
Striking the stream well above where it starts on the bound,  
Above where the rushing water, 'mid thunder and spray,  
In deep, circling flood, leaping, now whirls on its way.  
Here again they set sail for the white mountains of snow—  
The source of the far-distant stream—where else would they go  
For sport and adventure—to expore lands yet unknown?  
Where the waters are parted—the Continent's backbone.  
But, ere they were off many miles on their ride,  
They came to where the river, or its waters, divide.  
They cast lots to determine which prong they would pursue—  
Chose the largest, not the wildest, and then bid adieu  
To the theme of my story, mystic, wonderful, old,  
And left for the writer its history to unfold.



HEIR'S was the west fork for continued exploration—  
Naming the east fork in londest commemoration  
Of Secretary Smith of the Navy Department,  
The most progressive member of Jefferson's cabinet.  
And thus a great statesman, the expedition giver,  
Is honored for all time in the name of "Smith River."  
Settlers who came later their fortunes here to seek,  
Called the stream, after their own liking, simply Deep Creek;  
An insult, an injury, a sad desecration  
Of discoverers' rights—the Lewis and Clark expedition.  
Yet in the same age but a little later still  
Were some adventurers who worked together with a will  
To right this great wrong the other settlers had done,  
And honor America's enterprising son;  
The accomplishment of which cost a vast undoing  
By writings unnumbered and no little wooing  
Of public sentiment, that the memory so keen  
Of one high in nation's counsels might ever be green:  
Who stood by the men who so long had wished to pry  
Out the mysterious source of the mighty Missouri.



The Great Falls on the Missouri River.







DISCOVERERS having traced upon their maps his name,  
Later to have erased it would have been a shame,  
And placing instead the common title undeserving of renown—  
Merely fitting to the channels the waters were rushing down—  
An appellation, a cognomen meritless, weak,  
Not euphoneous, very simple—just plain “Deep Creek.”  
Great was the work required to recall such a name  
And substitute the other, now so well known to fame.  
The first white man there christened it (Capt. Lewis, the giver)  
In honor of the Secretary, plain Smith River.  
And not to heed their wish were to count as no avail  
Deeds of danger of daring travelers who blazed the trail.  
Deep and strong the surging current from the garden above,  
Gathering from many branches, winding through vale of love,  
Plunges into the wild canyon so dismal and deep,  
With walls stretching skyward, rich-colored and steep:  
So narrow and lofty from where the waters go by  
Stars twinkle gaily at midday in the deep blue sky,  
Where the river sang merrily and, foaming onward, went  
To the sea by a rough-bouldered, walled chasm rent.



UT nearer its source in sun-blessed valley green,  
Hemmed in by big mountains like a garden serene :  
Its floods divided into brooks, rivulets and rills  
That coursed from the mountains and the pine-covered hills,  
And to rendezvous came winding through dale and green meadow  
Where wild flowers and rank verdure abundantly grow,  
In the valley so deep and far, far beneath  
Heights dizzy, eternal—a vast rolling heath—  
Gathering in strength and in volume more strong,  
To leap the wild chasm and its journey prolong.  
Steep, aye, precipitous and rocky the deep pathway,  
But so winding and circuitous it made great delay  
In its course and journey to the far-away ocean,  
Dancing on in the sunlight and the waves' wild commotion.  
Great was its altitude and most favored the region  
And long had it lived in old Indian legend ;  
But long before the days when legends were heard and told—  
Before man upon this earth had gained a fair foothold—  
The picturesque valley, with nook, meadow and dell,  
Lay widely covered with water, so deep and so well—



Where the Valley Begins Opening to the Southward, With the Ruins of the  
Stockade of Old Camp Baker in the Foreground.

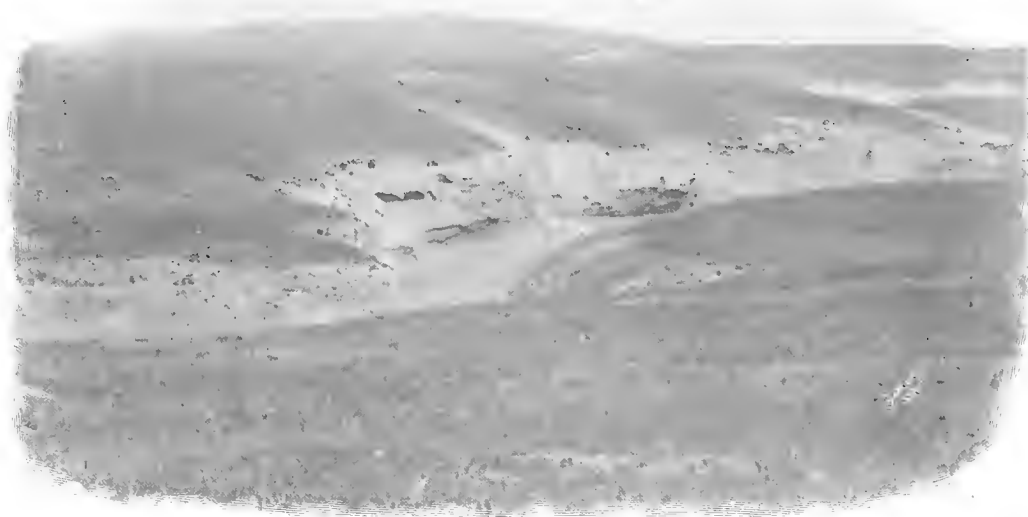




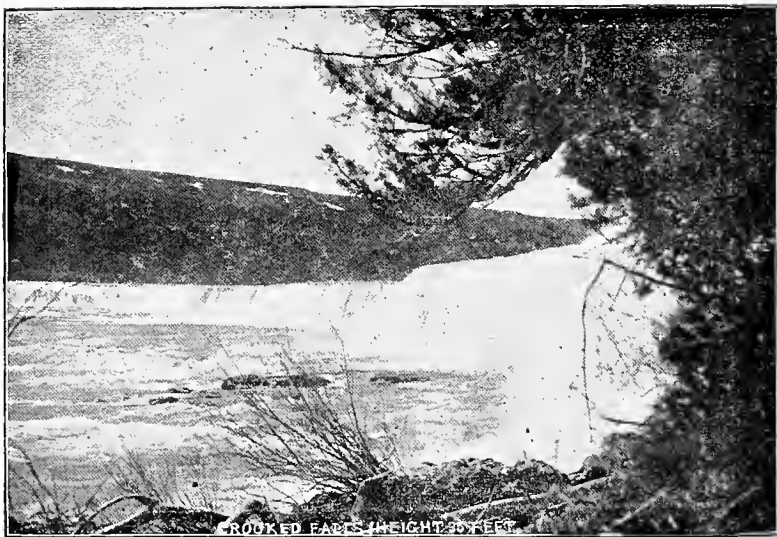
HAT only foot-hills and mountains in gigantic form  
Stood out, this lone inland sea to hem in and adorn.  
Before the great mountain ranges had parted in twain  
Affording the passage through which this sea might drain  
Into this mighty basin submerged thousands of years  
By the contents of rivers of which no trace now appears.  
Sweeping down from some plain a debris of strange life,  
And burying their bones in the sands—rocky reef;  
For the flood of old ages that swept down to this sea  
Bore soil on its dark bosom, majestic and free;  
Filling the great basin where they their contents did pour  
With debris and bones—several hundred feet or more.  
For ages and ages these rivers, turbid and strong,  
Poured into this valley so deep and so long  
That they shook the great mountains which hemmed it round about  
Till they reeled with the burden poured in by this route.  
And when at last the earth began to tremble and quake  
The rocky-ribbed mountains to crumble and break,  
And the deep chasm opened for the water to run away,  
It left rich alluvial soil, not mere barren clay—



LAND rich and productive as the fabled stories told,  
Of the sweep of magic wand of the Genii of old.  
Now written in the sands of this region far inland,  
Is a record of time before the advent of man.  
The bones of the beasts that the jungles inhabited,  
And those of the wild fowls by time decapitated,  
A tell-tale of wonders to the anthropological sharp,—  
Causing the blood in the veins of the unlettered to start—  
Of the forms that existed, of life long since extinct :  
A grand revelation—to the world very succinct—  
Of ages that rolled on before man happened by,  
And the ages he has spent here, and the how, when and why ;  
Of before man came, and after, vast epochs unfold—  
The foundation of legends that have never been told.  
A book of strange history to the man who reads aright  
These sands and decayed bones that the green hides from sight.  
But why turn up the pages to read of bygone ages?  
Enough has been written by Time's more recent sages  
To make a huge volume of historic lore,  
Which, when you have finished, you will not thirst for more.



Fossil Fields where are imbedded in the sands the bones of the three-toed horse,  
four-toed camel and twenty-three other varieties of the progenitors  
of the birds and beasts of the present century.



Scene on the Missouri River near where our narrative begins.





EE how lovely now with waters cold, clear and thermal :  
Its sky-piercing mountains where the snow lies eternal ;  
Its meadowy dales, foot-hills, forests and rippling streams,  
Wealth of soil, wealth of mines, and its radiant sunbeams,  
Have all a significance and add much to the tale  
Of the footprints of man in this isolated vale.  
High up against the mountains in the valley to the south,  
Bubbling forth in its grandeur lies the fountain of youth.  
When the red man discovered it legend doth not know—  
It was further back in the ages than human traces go.  
Its ancient mines and footprints and fossil sands as well  
The story of their long using now doth plainly tell.  
Relying on its capacity health to bestow  
Almost since man's earliest advent here below,  
Some nation or tribe of our present fast fleeting race  
Have coveted its hot water and revered the place.  
The children of these hills died not of disease or age  
But fell only in conflict when the battle did rage.  
And the sable sons of the prairie, mountain and plain,  
Hurled themselves against each other this great fountain to gain.



It was a beautiful spot, and no wonder there was strife  
To possess such a source of prolonging human life.  
The sick and the aged, though variously afflicted,  
Were healed, however old or seriously affected.  
Thus away in their course rolled vast epochs of time  
Before a change could be wrought in this region of rhyme.  
But at length a generation of chieftains were born  
Who had the manhood or virtue to indignantly scorn  
The strife and the turmoil which tradition did proclaim  
Had long disturbed the tribes of this erstfair domain,  
For the possession of a water—sure healing balm  
As pure as Bethsidea or more famous Siloam—  
That bubbled forth in this valley far up in the blue—  
A veritable human Mecca,—medicine true ;  
The fountain of golden youth which old age defied,  
A cure for all diseases when early applied.  
Departing from all custom or tradition of old,  
So savage, warlike, blood-thirsty, so cruel and bold,  
These men of the mountains became touched to the core  
With sympathy for other tribes so near to their door



Glimpse of Castle Park from White Sulphur Springs—Looking East.





HO long suffered and died with age and disease,  
And resolved at last human misery to appease ;  
To divide with earth's people God's great gift to man.  
A pure, healing water and valley superbly grand :  
To proclaim to the world that the children of the earth,  
Of whatever climate, race, color, distinction or birth,  
Should meet in pure friendship on Smith River's broadening plain  
And share its healing waters, refreshing climate and game.  
Hence invited a council of the tribes of the land,  
From the Pacific coast to the Mississippi strand,  
From where the angry old Atlantic surges and rolls  
To the most distant inhabitants towards earth's poles.  
To meet in this valley of medicine waters rare,  
Compounded by nature without human aid or care.  
A story of its healing was sent out with the call,  
To the far distant tribes, both the great and the small,  
Those who knew of its virtue, fought for its retention,  
And those more distant to whom the merit was legend,  
Were alike invited to this conference of peace,  
That cruel war's wild alarm in Health's valley might cease :



AND the emblem of the Red Cross, so potent today,  
Might protect it and defend it forever and aye.  
So gathered the children of the forest and plain,  
Of desert and lowland and far-reaching domain ;  
From the far-away ocean, where the sun sinks in the wave,  
And the serf of the briny deep the golden sands lave,  
Where the only remedies known for relief of pain  
Were the crudest of compounds of roots, wild herbs and grain ;  
And witchery of old men, with mutterings and signs,  
Assumed the cure of infirmities of all kinds.  
With their escort of braves came the Sachems from afar,  
Bedecked with eagle feathers, gay plumage of war,  
To take part in the pow-wow—this great water to try ;  
And if worthy of its claim, a distinction so high,  
To consecrate the valley—to the world revealing,  
For the good of the race, an asylum of healing.  
Into the flood, as forth from the earth so fresh and free  
It poured—a phenomena : to man, a mystery—  
Rushed the comers as they gathered in great glee,  
Feeling the tinge of new life—a thrilling ecstasy—



Mountain dell—one of a hundred—where wild flowers in primitive luxuriance grow.  
The home of James L. Johnston—a typical cattle ranch.







S they drank of and bathed in the deep balmy pools  
Without experience, system, or medical rules,  
As men do to-day and are healed just as sure;  
Thus the red men here partook of dame nature's own cure,  
A balm to their bodies, to their stomachs a lotion,  
And to their weak, shattered frames a complete renovation.  
Ah ! proud were the old men who compassion had taken  
On human kind by the call of their peace convention.  
They call it that now in the plain parlance of today.  
But in its own time it was a "council" that held sway.  
A council of chieftains of the tribes of that wide realm  
Who for generations ago had guided the helm  
Of good and bad government, in peace and in war,  
Of mountains and valleys and plains near and far,  
Smoked they here then the pipe of perpetual peace  
And one and all said strife for the region here must cease.  
These foot-hills, ranges, this valley and the wide-spreading heath.  
To all the children of men we do this day bequeath ;  
Here henceforth shall they bring from earth's great extremities  
The lame and the halt for relief from their infirmities.



AR'S wild alarm its happiness shall disturb no more,  
And peace, happy peace, bless alike the rich and the poor,  
Who hither shall come, no matter how, whence, or when,  
And this council rose up with a mutual "amen."  
One hand on their weapons, the other they raised on high,  
Towards the roof of the vast circling skin canopy,  
By the "Great Spirit" who guided, by ev'ry "coo-stick" won,  
By the hills and the mountains, by the moon and the sun,  
They vowed that forever and for all eternity  
The olive branch of peace the valley's emblem should be.  
And from that day to this it an asylum has been  
To the children of the red men and all kith and kin.  
When white men came from eastern habitation old  
By the Atlantic, in frantic search for fields of gold,  
They found dwelling here in their tepees of animal skins,  
In mountain sheltered valley from blizzard and from winds,  
Dusky maidens and warriors with gay coronets  
Woven of plumes of the eagle into war bonnets ;  
Time-withered men, women old, feeble and toil bent,  
And prattling papposes all in pure harmony blent—



Group of Montana Indians attending the Redman's Congress at the  
Omaha Trans-Mississippi Exposition 1898.



Montana Building at the Trans-Mississippi Expo-  
sition, Omaha, 1898, where the late W. H.  
Sutherlin performed his last services  
for the state of Montana.



FROM the dwelling places of the tribes of the continent wide,  
In happy communion - no woes longer to betide ;  
For the healing of the waters had dispelled every pain  
Of aching bones, aching heart, and what comes in its train ;  
And the women tanned skins of the bison and bear,  
Beaded moccasins with sinews, most wondrous and rare,  
With beads that were pure old Egyptian heirlooms, handed down  
From dim ages of ancestry in mystery profound,  
From the days of the Pharaohs who obelisk erected,  
Who builded the pyramids, the Sphinx perfected.  
Such beads, such beauty, of a coarse porcelain mould,  
Found only here and in Egyptian mummy case-fold--  
Except in the palaces of the land Yucatan,  
The first terrestrial home of any species of man,  
The home of the oldest humankind of this vast world,  
Where the flag of man's progression was first unfurled ;  
Where first, proud and stately, human species stood erect,  
A thinking, intelligent being in every respect,  
Now called the Mayas—inventor's thought and wish,  
Through which man has since been able all else to accomplish.



THE home of the Mayas, who with the flint carvers fought,  
These flint carvers who the art of mound-building wrought,  
Deadly enemies save in this vale of peace and rest,  
Where "good will among men" had long been the bebest.  
The Mayas were the makers of this Egyptian bead,  
Were the planners of the Sphinx, the greater pyramid.  
Queen Moo of Yucatan in Egypt later did reign;  
Her husband, and brother, King Moh, also did the same.  
And the Sphinx in his honor, evidently, builded she there,  
A tribute of love and affection to his memory dear,  
Since in her tomb in Yucatan a miniature Sphinx  
Her reign with its erection assuredly links.  
The design is a leopard or lion—being of dread—  
Wearing upon its shoulders a classic human head.  
'Twas by the lost continent (Atlantis) that to and fro  
Traveled these people so many years ago.  
But the sinking of Atlantis beneath the wild ocean,  
Amid a boiling sea of volcanic commotion,  
Divided the countries distant by wide extending seas,  
When began in Egypt the days of the Ramese.



Smith River Flint and Agate Spear and Arrow Heads and Stones  
for War Clubs, and Central America Stone Vessel used  
by the Sugar Makers of Red Land.



Musselshells—Wonderful formations of Nature found  
on Smith River.



Delightful picnic grounds—Four Mile Canyon.





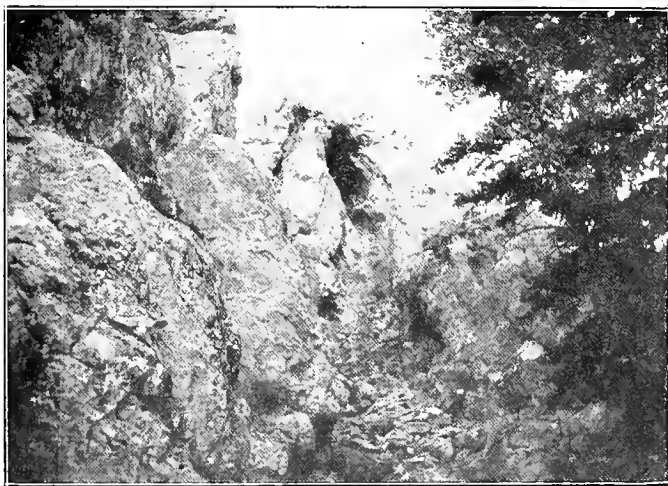
UT porcelain ornaments to Egypt exported,  
In exchange for the flints and agates, were here devoted:  
An evidence conclusive and beyond refuting  
That man's stay in this valley defies all computing:  
That the architects of civilization most ancient,  
Who peopled the world—an occurrence now salient—  
Who reveled in the palaces by the great River Nile,  
Made a home in this valley with its own native child:  
The ones who dug holes, flints and agates to possess,  
To exchange for beads from Yucatan and Honduras.  
Beads, Maya and Egyptian, one and the same thing,  
Alike as the many flints that from this region did spring.  
But the Mayas and Mound-Builders, race enemies elsewhere,  
Were at peace in this valley and with each other did share  
Life's every comfort bounteous nature did bestow  
In wild herds and flocks and healing water's steady flow.  
And vast yield of verdure, of meadows green, luxuriant.  
Making the stay here pleasant as in the land of Orient.  
Tall and stately, these Mayas, sharp-visaged and fair-haired—  
Men of strength, great endurance, who every danger dared—



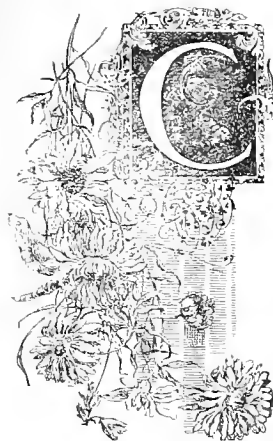
WHILE the Mound-Builders were short, heavy, compactly built,  
Dark-haired, round-headed, but fought the Mayas, hilt to hilt,  
And for those long-headed, sharp-chinned athletes, forsooth,  
Seemed a match on battlefield in skill, and, in truth,  
Were quite a great people, but less compassed by bounds,  
Though both races in places builded cities and towns ;  
Builded fortifications and trenches of defense  
And each charged the other with the same recompense.  
No region of earth now so densely populated  
As this continent pre-historic times antedated.  
Thirty, yea, possibly an hundred thousand years ago,  
These people here on Smith River trade carried on,  
While their battle-line stretched fully a thousand miles,  
From Mexico's Gulf toward these grand Rocky Mountain piles,  
And there fought and bled and died, in conflict hand to hand,  
With javelin, spear and arrows from Smith River strand.  
It took vast hordes of people to form such an array  
As stretched from tide-water northwest across the country ;  
And to maintain such a line more than a thousand years—  
As the trace in the sands now distinctly avers—



Weapons of the Ancients, of Smith River pattern and material, found along the battle line of the Mayas and Mound Builders. Used through the courtesy of the American Farmer Magazine.



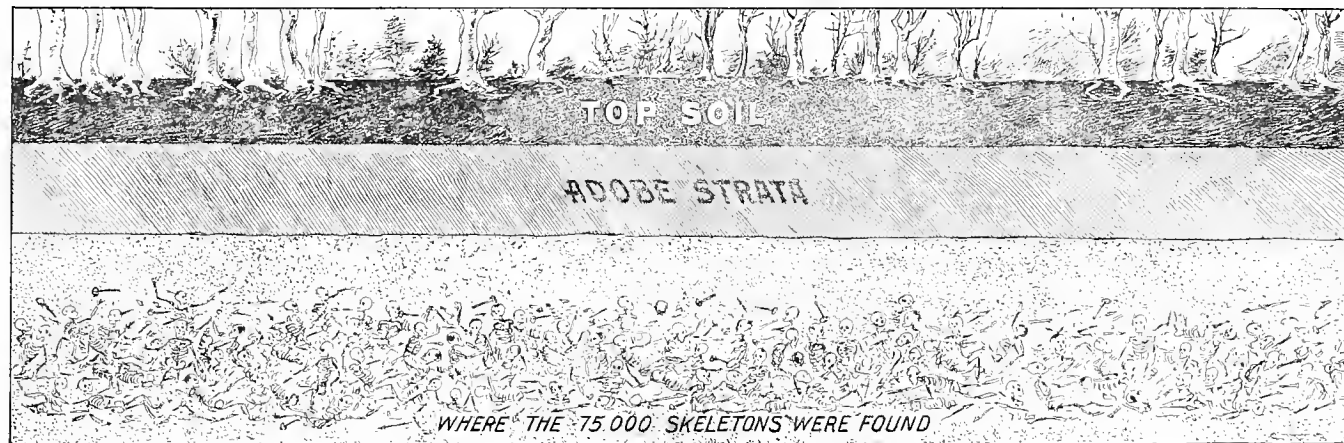
Where the eagles nest—Smith River wilds



COST lives by countless thousands of the races that fought  
All for the sake of conquest, but accomplishing naught  
Save the desolation of their worldly dominion ;  
And according to the best scientific opinion,  
Based on research along their line of fortification,  
Time-bedimmed almost beyond identification,  
There are evidences that carry sure conviction  
That they hurled themselves together almost to race extinction :  
In hand to hand combat, desperate and gory,  
A tale of blood and carnage in sand-written story.  
But so read the records, deep in sands imbedded,  
That each to his country was intimately wedded.  
Each fought to the death with mighty javelin and spear.  
Many of which were mined and manufactured here,  
And driven in the skulls of many thousands that perished,  
Are the arrow-heads from Smith River, so cherished,  
Arrow heads and daggers of flint and of moss-agate  
Mined in Smith River—though, wonderful to relate.  
On the banks of the Arkansas—battle-line midway—  
Is traced a field of fearful slaughter at this late day,



HERE buried far beneath the clay and the loam,  
Where dashed the wild river with ripple and foam,  
Lies the dead of one dread epoch, mingling dust to dust,  
All peaceful now and serene, imbedded in earth's crust;  
The bones of the giants with the swathy side by side,  
In one resting place—the land for which they savagely died.  
Seventy-five thousand skulls in one thirty-acre field  
Show the terrible vengeance with which each did wield  
The weapons of their times with which they fought to the death,  
And only surrendered with the last gasp of breath.  
This terrible conflict happened in the merry springtime,  
When maple sugar making was just in full prime;  
The women in the maple forests diligently toiling  
Kept the sugar pots along the battle-line boiling.  
Where, burned in the stone vessels, it is preserved today,  
Though a hundred and twenty centuries have passed away.  
Beside this sanguinary battle—fossil told tale—  
All modern conflicts into insignificance pale.  
The relics of the Mayas in this wild mountain abode  
Is evidence that they, free, over the region once strode.



Pre-historic battlefield at Red-Land on the banks of the Arkansas River. Used through the courtesy of the American Farmer Magazine.



A Smith River brooklet threading its way to the sea.  
Photographed by Wm. Chamberlin.

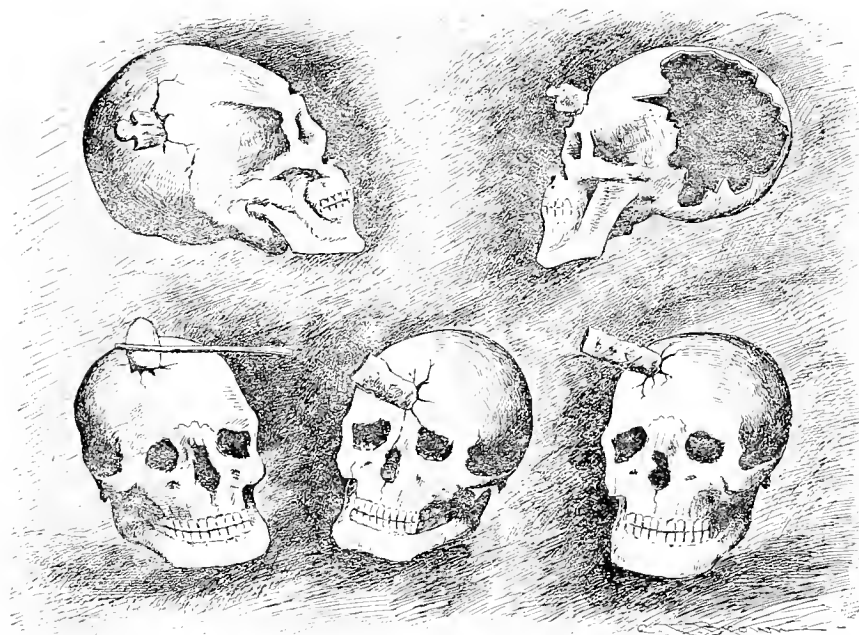




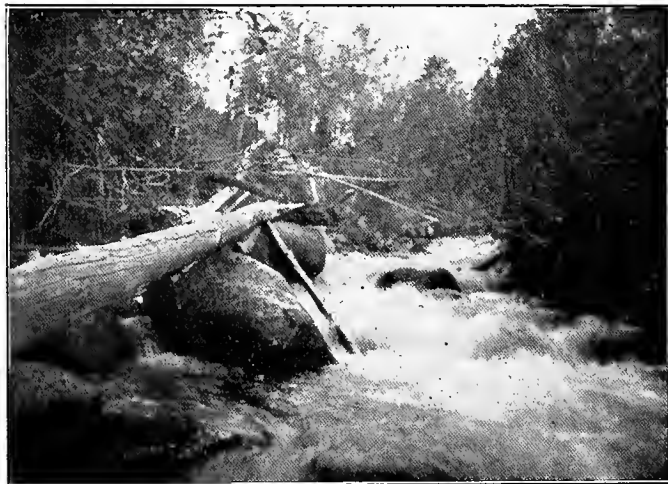
AND the moss agate and flint, arrow, lance and spear head,  
Now found in distant battlefields in the skulls of the dead,  
Where mingled the ashes of two races long extinct.  
On that, the most sanguinary field, with which man is linked.  
Where rolls the Arkansas down to the sea  
The center of war line for empire waged earnestly:  
And the fact the Mound-Builders were a northern race strong,  
And weapon and implement-making here carried on,  
Coupled with the fact that in this valley today  
There's not a grave to denote an ancient battle fray,  
Gives proof to the traditions of time immemorial  
That the peace decree here, has long been dictatorial,  
That by common consent two races of people at war  
Mingled together here without friction or jar—  
That the Mayas came their vigor and health to regain,  
While the Mound-Builders were proud such guests to entertain.  
We are prepared with data—research of years—  
Which in the mines, at the Springs and elsewhere appears,  
To demonstrate to man's entire satisfaction  
That waters and climate were chiefest in attraction.



ND while a battle-line extended from the Platte southeast  
And at another age but very much longer ago at least,  
Another line was formed, that too, far in interior,  
Reaching to the Ohio from Lake Superior,  
Yet Smith River, peaceful, prosperous, in graphic contrast,  
During all those war ages many centuries past,  
Lived on in harmony and the people came and went—  
Were happy and healthy and reasonably content.  
Yes, as time whirled on and ages and ages were spent  
And race and tribal relations were broken and rent,  
As this or that people flourished or battled in distant field,  
Intrenched and fortified and used forest for shield,  
And conquered or died their country's cause to win,  
Peace reigned throughout this valley, and war's besetting sin  
Or ever-blighting curse ne'er o'er this fair region spread;  
And the brotherhood of man as the ages sped  
Prevailed in this fabled land and clime hygienic,  
Blessed with every advantage enrapturously scenic;  
And the region became known and truly endeared  
As the home of the invalid and for rest's sake revered.



Skulls of the Mayas and Mound Builders, races extinct, showing the deadly thrust of the arrow, javelin and spear. Used through the courtesy of the American Farmer Magazine.



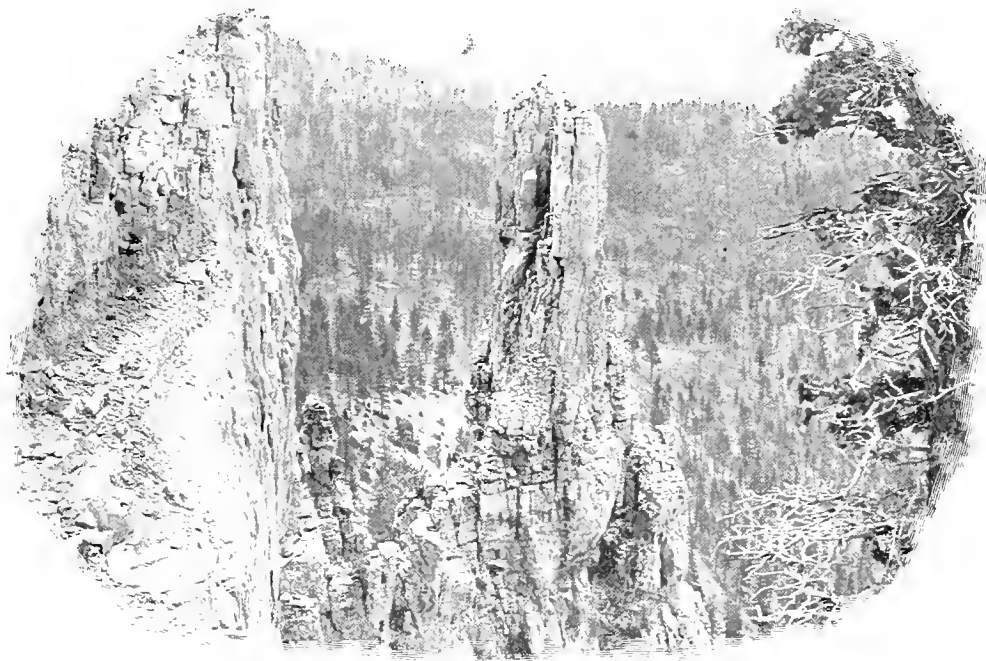
Picturesque Smith River, where the rushing waters surge.  
Photographed by Miss Cynthia Hampton.



SINCE the great peace convention assembled at these springs,  
Though time in its mist of years irrelevently flings  
Some doubt as to the date of the peace dedication—  
The valley to health and to pleasure consecrating.  
'Twas the work of the early fathers who here found rest  
And who ever since by all mankind have been blessed,  
Who the valley's precincts have e'er ventured to invade,  
Whether centuries ago or in the last decade.  
Strange, men aboriginal, of traditional lore,  
Wayfarers of earth, creatures of the hour,  
And these artisan women found by the whites at this place  
Were neither of the Maya or Mound-Builder's race.  
A species of man with enterprise, ambition gone,  
Who patiently awaited time's race to speed on;  
But the women—lovely woman, at ease ever impatient—  
With deft fingers kept busy preparing food and raiment.  
The teeth of the elk and the claws of the grizzly bear  
Were woven in necklaces skilfully with care;  
And the quills of the eagle feathered arrows and lance,  
Bedecking their war banners for the gay sundance.



UCH were worn proudly, also when out on grand parade;  
But the necklace of bear claws and eagle feathers made,  
Their only habiliments in chase or in war—  
There was nothing superfluous their free action to mar.  
In this village of wigwams that the springs did surround,  
In addition to the aged on health's tour bound  
And the maidens of beauty who their industry plied  
To deck out some brave most gaily—her love and her pride—  
Were the drones of the hive, styled "knights of the war and chase,"  
Great athletic fellows—true type of the redman's race.  
At their belts were the scalps they and their sires had taken  
At some age of the world from some victim forsaken  
By friends, or who, in the dreadful fortunes of strife,  
Had paid the debt of the weak by the forfeit of life.  
With scalps dangled the coo-stick, a sort of willow wand,  
With a notch for such of his deeds as the owner deemed grand.  
Great, lazy loafers, knights of battle and of chase—  
To have performed labor would have been a disgrace.  
Game was so plenty in every glade, on ev'ry hillside,  
That their wants in this direction were with ease supplied.



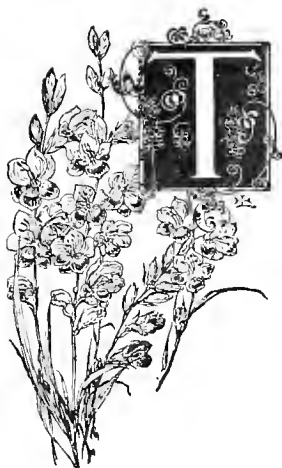
Smith River as it approaches the Channel Walls, as seen from the Canyon Heights.







HERDS of buffalo and elk and of the nimble gazelle  
In vast straying droves in this region did dwell.  
The men rode them down. What gallant sport and so fine !  
But to bring their booty home they did not incline.  
They could ride like the wind, swiftly, with arrow and spear,  
Bringing down the big bovine, the elk, the timid deer;  
Then back to their wigwam contentedly they turned,  
All care of chase trophies they indignantly spurned.  
But the women came later—'t was their part thus to come,  
Dress the carcass carefully and carry it home.  
Oft times the wild flesh into pemmican they dried,  
Garments, moccasins, tents, also, they made from the hide.  
They were true to the modes of nature, these primitive men,  
Their habits of life with her every law they did blend.  
In all the animal and bird creation that on earth doth abide  
The males are decked out gaily in the plumage of a bride.  
With the thrush and the robin and every gay-feathered songster,  
The males are gay as peacocks, although the stronger,  
While the females are dressed in mere every-day attire  
With little of beauty of gay colors to admire.



IS the case with the wolf, fox, bison, lion and bear—  
The males boast the fine carriage, color and care.  
Though the books of our day in all things inanimate  
Sex as females those characterized for beauty great,  
While those that for power and strength have reputation  
Are classed as masculines in the order of creation.  
But this is an innovation on nature's first plan;  
Observed in animated life now practiced by man.  
The brave of the now—our own day and generation—  
Would scorn to see his shrine (woman) one of desecration.  
But to lighten her burdens, her sorrows divide,  
Is now the greatest privilege man can betide.  
Still, for those early days' men naught of censure have we—  
They copied Dame Nature so far as we can see.  
But time and evolution have caused men to think  
Of the comforts of companion, flesh's dearest link,  
And the customs of the ancients indeed horrid seem—  
We read of their history as though it were a dream:  
For the process of time has brought nature's reverse  
And from the shoulders of fair woman lifted a curse.



Terraced Mountain on Rock Creek, near the Stock Ranch of Thomas J. Fleming.





OW happy and contented and how swiftly they went:  
The days and the weeks by these healing waters spent;  
By these wanderers from far away tropical hills,  
Who came to this north-land to be healed of their ills,  
Whether named as now a warrior race bold  
Or some other distinction their origin told:  
There was the fierce Comanche crimsoned in blood,  
And savage Arapahoe, his war record equally good;  
The Crows of the mountains, the plains, and the River Crows, too,  
Were there with the fiercer, wilder, Uncapapa Sioux;  
The Crees of the Dominion from the valley the Saskatchewan,  
Smoked the pipe of peace with the children of the Rio Grande;  
The Bloods and the Black Foot, from the pine forest so deep—  
Of the great northwest where mighty rivers ever sweep—  
With the Bannacks and Shoshones in council broke bread,  
With no fear of each other, no longer any dread,  
In the Valley of Smith River, so strangely picturesque,  
By reason of its fountains medicinally blest,  
Bequeathed by its discoverers, owners, albeit,  
A common ground, christened “Land of of the Spirit.”



OR ages and ages people came and were made well  
By drinking the waters and bathing in them a spell,  
Until broad, beaten pathways, we now call a trail,  
Marked each mountain pass leading out from the vale.  
To the north and the south, broad and plain led they one  
To some shores vastly distant that icebergs adorn;  
To the gulf in the tropics, to the windward and lea,  
Eastward and westward, 'cross mountain, dale to distant sea;  
They still show great service, time-worn as they are.  
Thirty years of disuse leaves them deep-furrowed still and bare.  
As the adage of today is "All roads lead to Rome."  
So ever was it then—all to "Big Medicine" come.  
Big medicine are these waters, veritable pools of Siloam—  
Nature's greatest gift to man—the indigent's happy home.  
The oldest Indian medicine, the sweat-house tent,  
Is a skin-constructed canopy, over willow bent  
In a semi-circle shape, with ends stuck in the ground,  
Skins covering their framework and coming down all 'round;  
Rocks were then heated, and when they were glowing red hot  
Water was poured on them, and into a steaming pot



Freeman Creek Promontory, on the Rock Creek Trail to Frank Ellis' Stock Ranch.







HE tepee was converted, with the patient inside,  
Where he sweltered, half suffocated,—almost died.  
Then forth from this they hurried him, more dead than alive,  
Into the cold, icy brooklet (how could man survive?)  
Plunged he headlong—for sweat-houses were by the river's side.  
They called this healing: it was more like a killing tried.  
These waters discovered and their value ascertained  
The sweat-house was abandoned, and so long has remained  
With those who were convenient or the pilgrimage could make  
To this famous land of healing for every human ache.  
Bathing only was required and the drinking down  
Of the health-giving water that poured from the ground.  
It's mysteries surpassing man's imagination  
In ministering to this human generation—  
Strange that nature should furnish an untutored race  
A balm today eclipsing all remedies of the "pale-face,"  
Hidden within the bosom of the earth wild and deep  
To pour forth in solution and to constantly keep  
Unexhausted, ev'n-tempered, everlasting in supply,  
Bubbling forth and depositing in the race hard by,



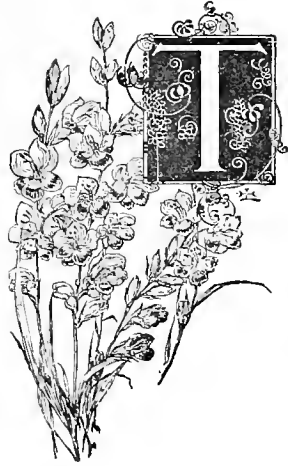
ITS composites over pebbles, medicating the sand—  
A medicinal decoction which through life's greatest span  
Chemistry, pharmacy, for relief of human ills  
Have ne'er been able to equal. Its existence here fills  
A void long felt in the medical laboratory  
Before discovery of its effects so salutary.  
Then, as wonderful, too, as its precious existence,  
Is its beautiful valley and the mountains in the distance  
To the north and the west; and the castellated wilds  
To the south and the east—feldspar and granite piles.  
How delightful to behold a vale fully hedged in  
With snowy peaks and castle rocks so hoary and grim;  
Green and inviting the summers, and far-waving, wide,  
Vast meadows luxuriant, like a high rolling tide,  
Spread across the expanse that divides the foot-hills,  
Marked only by the winding of clear, rippling rills—  
Foot-hills and benchlands sweeping back to the timber line,  
Above which rise white the wintry peaks so sublime;  
Lowlands wide-reaching, grass-covered and garlanded gay  
With wild flowers, crimson, yellow and somber gray;



A glimpse of the White Sulphur Springs Park with the grand snowy range, the Sisters, "Fates or Furies," wrapped in the solitude of winter's snow, in the distance.



Springs Hotel.



HE ravines and the dells, and gorges wild and weird,  
In sunlight of morning most beautiful appeared.  
When morning grew to noonday and the sun waxed more bright,  
Gentle zephyrs fanned the heat away, to man's delight;  
And as day waned and the great orb in the far northwest,  
Creeping for hours toward nightfall, scarce above the crest  
Of the far distant mountains, and sinking at last to rest,  
Purpling the landscape far and wide with its shimmering zest,  
And the sky and horizon at happy eventide,  
And lighting in its glory the heavens far and wide,  
Neither vineclad New England nor Italia so fair,  
Though gorgeous in sunset, can with Smith River compare.  
A land of enchantment, of pleasure and of great wealth,  
Of beauty and of grandeur, a perfect land of health;  
But the land of splendid sunsets, crimsoned and gold,  
Of castellated peaks like the pyramids of old;  
Land of wild scenery, game and trout-lined brooks,  
Dark caves and grand caverns and weird, romantic nooks;  
Of volcanic mountains and strange lava bed fields,  
Where unexplored forests from severe winter shields.



LAND of medical fountains—to man a panacea—  
With untold treasures in winding ranges far and near.  
Is a region unequaled in earth's broad domain  
For the gems and precious metals that make human gain.  
There are mines of lead, copper, silver, and of gold  
That promise reward for working of fortunes untold;  
But in some long goneby days when Old Time was more young,  
Before Smith River praises by bard were ever sung,  
Primitive man, with implements to us quite unknown,  
Delved deep in the hills for the (to them) precious stone,  
To ornament their person, and their lances to barb—  
Opal, agate, or flint, of quality rare and hard.  
Their arrow points and spear heads they made from the flints,  
While the opal was used for mere fashion ornaments.  
Scattered here and there are the holes known as ancient mines,  
Along many a hillside, among the orchard-like pines.  
How vast the epoch since these mines were carried on  
Spear heads and dagger hilts and arrow points to adorn !  
All about the valley now, in wild, sequestered nooks,  
Among the grass and the willow, where cool, laughing brooks



Pine trees growing in the mines of the ancients, from whence came the flints for arrow, lance and spear-heads found in distant battlefields.







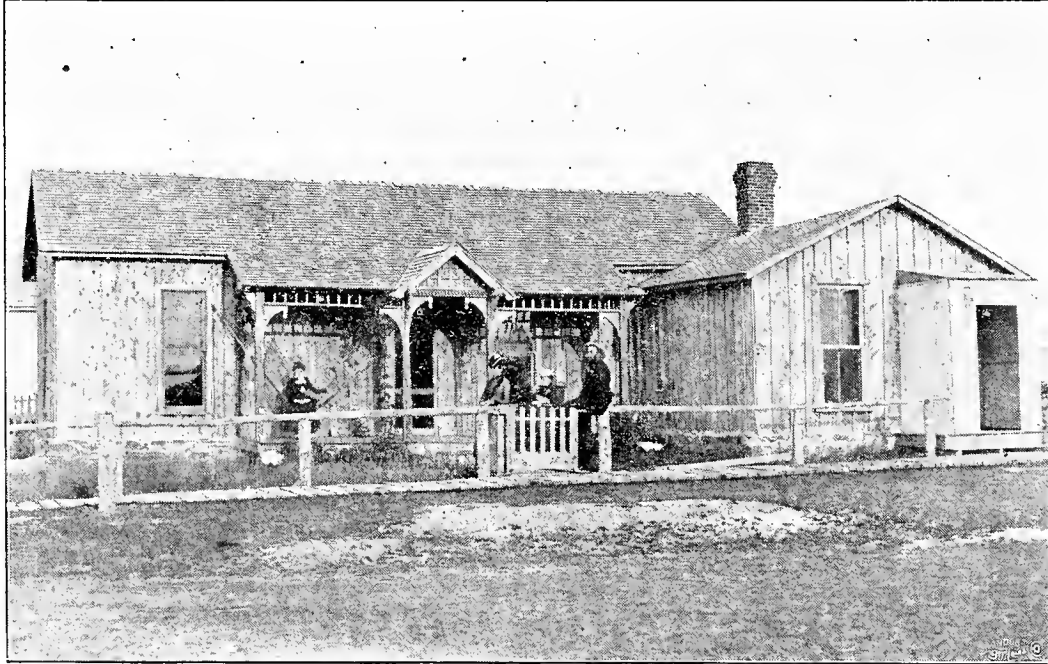
URMURED by all day long in merry, merry glee,  
Singing as they wend their way to the far distant sea,  
Dwelt the people in skin houses in times long ago—  
Great stalwart archers, as brave as ever drew bow;  
And beautiful maidens, thoroughly skilled in their lines  
Of arrow-head making from the stones of many mines.  
How many epochs and ages had swept on and away  
While the warriors hunted game and the maidens held sway  
As implement makers, alas ! what or who can tell ?  
Time's record in the sands says that long, faithfully and well.  
Dwelt the people here happily, plying their vocation:  
For now, erect and proud, in many an excavation,  
Stands the monarch of the forest, the old pine tree,  
Time-scathed and hoary but deep-rooted still and free  
To wave wide its branches in hurricane and chinook,  
Without danger of its footing from earth being shook.  
When the mining had ceased and the arrow maker gone  
And a new era of time in this world had been born,  
When dusky beauty with flint for material and tool  
Slowly chipped the arrow heads to give shape and rule.



ORKING, O! so patiently, and we know not how long,  
Singing, ever singing, merrily some sweet native song,  
As thoughts of deeds with weapons skillfully fashioned  
Crossed her mind in visions of sweet venison ration  
Her wares would bring to her soon, for skilled was her trade  
By the plying of which an honest living was made—  
Had passed to her happiest of all happy hunting grounds,  
Leaving race history in excavations and mounds,  
When time had healed the scars once so fresh and so new  
With a deep vegetable mould: and heaven's sweet dew  
Had caused the little pine nut to sprout and to grow,  
Without the benign influence of plow, spade or hoe,  
Into a treelet and sapling and a tree large 'round,  
Full three feet in diameter ten feet from the ground—  
A tree tall and stately, and just as hoary today  
As the sage of the forest on the hills far away,  
Where the pick-axe of the ancient disturbed not the earth  
And naught retarded healthy growth since time gave it birth—  
Showing conclusively that ages rolled unheeded  
Between the mining of flints and when the forest seeded.,



Aged pines fallen, decayed, dead and standing, and green and flourishing, in the midst of an excavation of pre-historic man made for moss agate, opal and flint.



Home of the Author.



OR the rock-bottomed holes where the flints had been found  
Were soiled o'er as deeply as the rest of the ground.  
The time nature had required such scars to dispel  
Let geologists now count the dim stratas and tell—  
The crumbling of rocks by exposure to sun and storm,  
Assisted by many a decayed vegetable form  
That forth in waste places are sure to commence to grow.  
When air, water and warm sunshine give to the seed a show—  
How long it has taken for a footing to gather  
To hold the loftiest pines in the windiest weather,  
When a single year adds scarce a perceptible mite—  
Centuries: aye think of the years' unnumbered flight  
That has been required to form from decaying matter  
Such a footing for a tree that storms could not shatter:  
And the years it has taken Time's tree to mature  
And grow wrinkled with age, tell plainly, to be sure,  
Of the epochs that have faded since the stone-weapon days:  
But how long the mines yielded up in so many ways  
Flints that could by skilled hands be perfectly shapen  
Into implements of use, or for war's desecration,



O traces are left by which the space can be measured  
Save the time-smoothed holes where the material was treasured:  
And their vast extent and the labor it has taken,  
With implements so rude, so primitive, misshapen,  
To have hollowed out the earth, the rock and the gravel  
Over acres of hills- a mystery unraveled.  
Reck'ning the matter over, we readily conclude  
Since the days of beginning of habitation rude.  
On the valley by the progenitors of that race  
Which left such a mark of handiwork on earth's surface,  
A vast cohort of years have swept merrily by  
Beneath the same brilliant sun and delightful sky,  
That the sacred accounts of man's early creation,  
And the years spent since in the race multiplication.  
Compared with the records which on Smith River we find,  
Is put a trifle, a span, a narrative even blind:  
But a vague, brief account of someone's acts medieval  
That lived thousands of years since this valley was peopled.  
The footprints to be seen here, as heretofore stated,  
Say that time was far spent when the Scriptures were dated.



Where sweeps the majestic Smith River, the confluence of the Tendertoot.  
The picturesque home of J. W. Jenkins.



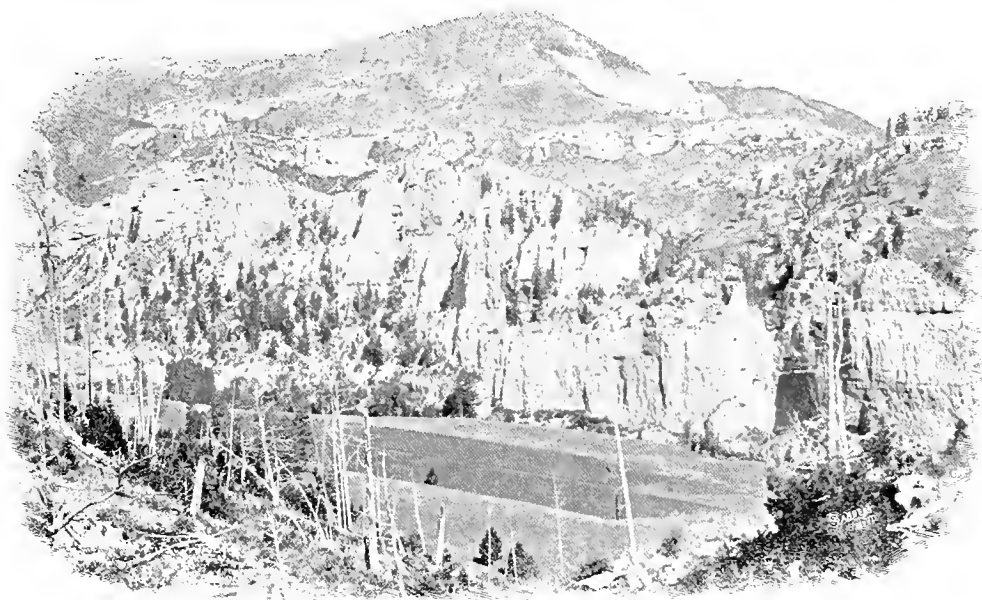




AND as of the record we read in geological lore,  
Compared to the moments, as so swiftly they soar,  
So the narrative of Genesis of the birth of the world,  
Is brief in comparison to the time that has whirled  
By since in his majesty nature's marvelous man  
Made his deep and strong imprints on Smith River's sand.  
With all due respect to the most Holy narration,  
Much greater age must be accredited that generation.  
The people who dug the holes and the arrow heads chiseled  
From the rough, rugged flints with the stone for a pestle,  
In this land of enchantment with its stores so prized  
By a savage race then and now one civilized,  
Came, we never can tell from whence, or when they did leave—  
Generations, perhaps, before Genesis, Adam and Eve.  
The Indians found here when the white man arrived  
Had lived here for ages and apparently thrived.  
Of the stone-workers who preceded them years before  
They knew not of them, and to them no lineage bore.  
Pursued they the pastime of the chase with great passion,  
Using the arrow and lance the ancients did fashion.

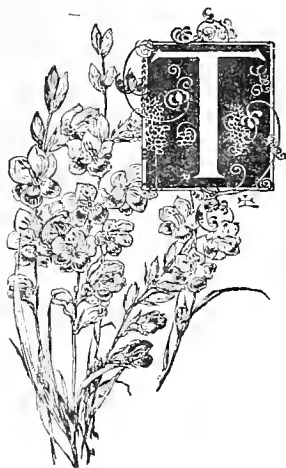


EMMICAN hammers and war clubs, too, of ancient make  
Used they also, but no thought of the maker did take.  
The implements handed down, as heirlooms of the race,  
Served their purpose, but of their origin had no trace.  
Unlike the white man, with the wisdom of so many books,  
They could not read the holes and flint piles in lonely nooks.  
The flint-carvers, skilled, in manner civilized,  
After ages, gave way, but how, we are not apprised.  
What happened on earth is nowhere portrayed—  
No race impression by their hands or footprints were made  
By those who lived here long after—the red men of our times.  
Lived they to no purpose, those untutored minds,  
Forgetting the arts their dim ancestry had learned.  
Else such work as stone-cutting indignantly spurned;  
Lived on for vast ages of tree-written time,  
Content with the plenty vouchsafed by the clime.  
Of what here had transpired of life's wild gaiore,  
When their fathers roamed these hills centuries before.  
They cared not, it seemed, and the present and past  
Brought contentment with only their daily repast.

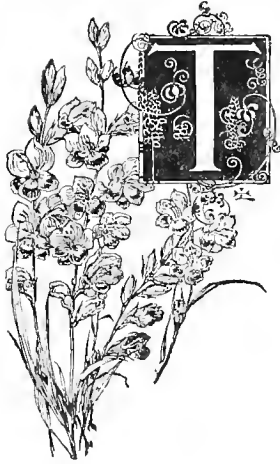


Companion piece to previous picture—In the rugged wilds of Smith River Canyon.





HEY were skilled in the use of the bow and the lance,  
But the making of stone points was mystery, perchance.  
In the shaping of such tools they had ne'er taken part—  
Their manufacture, to them, was long since a lost art.  
Two things in common with the generations ago  
Preserved these people cheerily, their lives to adorn:  
One, the asylum of the valley beautifully calm,  
The other, the use of its waters, their only healing balm.  
Their trails over the mountains, so broad and so deep,  
Fresh-worn and bare they ever managed to keep,  
As they journeyed from the snow lands and the land of the green  
To this valley of peace, fabled land of Hygiene;  
Thus preserving in love, with natural devotion,  
Neutrality of the land of the life-giving lotion.  
Before the coming of the white man, though time was far spent,  
But after terror to the Indian's heart had been sent  
By the landing of Columbus, on the far-eastern coasts,  
From o'er the great seas, the home of civilized hosts,  
Beginning a reign of terror never known to them before,  
And proclaiming "peace on earth" to red men should be no more.



HE first wheeled vehicles the valley to reach and cross  
Were carts of dwellers of the Red River of the North.  
'T was a date more modern—since the days of Noah's ark—  
But at a time prior to the days of Lewis and Clarke.  
Came the Red River Indians in carts from afar,  
From the shores of Lake Winnipeg, the province Manitoba;  
They crossed the great plains, Missouri river and Bad Lands,  
Scaled the snowy mountains with unwieldy caravans;  
Hewing a path through the forest, into the valley they came  
To bask in its beauty and enjoy its waters and game—  
To enjoy its thermal waters, its trout-fishing streams,  
To rejuvenate age and return youth's happy dreams.  
Like the stone mortar makers, manipulators of flint,  
The race of Indian hunters, without industry or dint—  
Save among the women, who dressed robes and other skins  
To make garments and tepees and beaded moccasins.  
These people, from the groves of the northern tier of lakes,  
Came to be healed of their maladies and their aches,  
By the waters of the fountains gurgling from the ground  
And the mild and bracing atmosphere of the vale around.



Granite Walled Cascade on Smith River—the Fisherman's Delight—Near  
the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stephens.

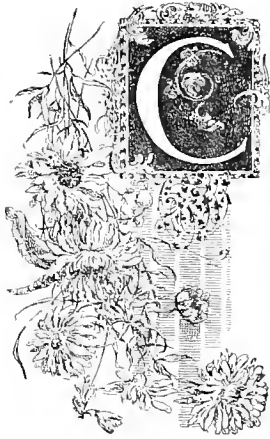


THE PHELPS.





UT "There's an end to all things," is Father Time's decree:  
So it happened with the people of this erstfair degree.  
As a place for the natives to gather and be healed,  
The end grew nigh when its existence was reveled  
To the covetous white man—what else could be expected  
When at length to these mountains his footsteps were directed ?  
The first age of record in the sands of Mother Earth  
Is the fossil, deposited e'er human species had birth.  
The next age of importance recorded in its sand  
Is the stone age record of a half-civilized man.  
The third that is distinct and to itself stands apart  
Is the age of the Indian, a race without art.  
To the occupation of hunting their lives were devoted  
While the women tanned skins and were for industry noted.  
After those came the white man from his home in the east  
On these wild, Indian herds to fatten and feast.  
Men who today are well sprinkled with age's white frost—  
Undeared boys then—traveled the great plains across,  
To this wild mountain land, its hidden treasures to seek;  
Came they by thousands, ransacking gulch, canyon and peak.



CAME they in ox-wagons—a bold, venturesome band;  
Came they on horseback, with pack horse, pick, shovel and pan;  
Came they with large prairie schooners—great ships of the plains,  
Canvas-covered, unwieldy, heavy,—long, winding trains;  
Fought they the wily Indians, who disputed the way,  
Keeping watch constantly—by night and by day;  
Tracked the parching desert, wound the Rocky Mountains through,  
Spurred on by the promise of lands rich and new.  
Swollen rivers they ferried with wagon-box rafts,  
Though hazardous such hastily improvised crafts;  
Wound their way circuitously through forest-lined hills,  
Over rough, rugged heights that perpetual snow fills;  
Surveyed the country from snowy pinnacles high,  
From the valley beneath them to where horizon and sky  
Mingle in unison and shut out further vision—  
The scope of the eyesight and the scope of its mission—  
In search of some indication of gold, precious gold;  
Made long winter journeys, endured the cold, bitter cold,  
Wrecking health and fortune in their fruitless endeavor  
To find rich, yielding placers, so rare and so clever.



Crater of the Volcano on Lake Creek, Smith River Valley.



White Sulphur Springs' "Four Hundred" Banqueting the Meagher County  
Volunteers—Lieutenant G. Ernest Kumpe, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. M.  
Kumpe, of the Health Resort; LeRoy Sherman, son of Mr.  
and Mrs. W. E. Sherman, of Castle, and Nugget Cor-  
deiro, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Cordeiro.  
(Flash-light by Isak Erikson.)



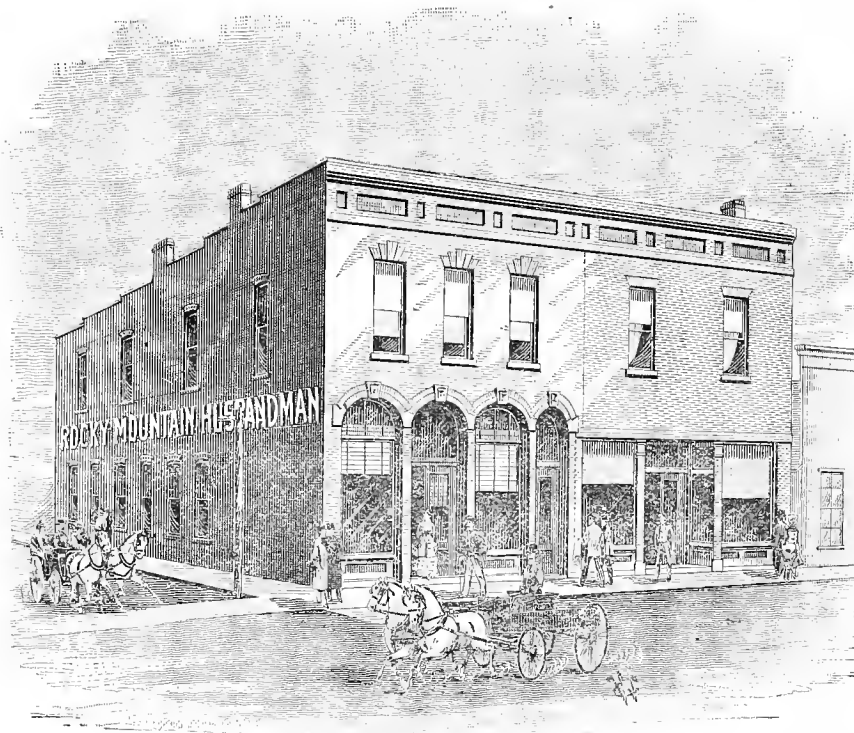
N so many instances as to yield of their store  
A whole mint of money—a hundred thousand or more.  
Down from the height of perpetual winter and snow,  
Down through the rocks and woodlands to the gulches below,  
Wending slowly but cautiously their well-obstructed way  
To where they began the search for what they called “pay.”  
Indication, such as “colors ” they found on the rims—  
The precipitous rocky walls forming the brims  
Of a few gold-bearing gulches, so narrow and deep;  
But on the bedrock of these, great treasures were heaped.  
Found they there the precious dust they had come to possess,  
On the bedrock of the gulches in mountain recess.  
The bedrock to reach then a problem presented,  
But pilgrim gold-hunters were never contented  
Without unraveling every mystery profound  
As to where the precious dust in quantities did abound.  
To have put down a straight hole by hard labor, perforce,  
Would have been very easy, but water much did course  
All through the ground, a few feet the surface below,  
Filling the holes even full by its ever steady flow.



APPLIANCES they invented to pump the shaft dry  
And to rig a wheel for this purpose they did try.  
These were successful in case the quantity was small,  
But what answered for one gulch would not answer for all:  
So the water-wheel pump by which bedrock to make  
Oft proved a make-shift—a miserable fake.  
Failing with the wheel pump, they next tried the long drain,  
A never-failing means if pursued with might and main,  
Since far up the mountains, precipitously, they—  
The gulches—wound circuitously to the valley away.  
By starting an open cut on a level below,  
Then changing to tunnel—when too deep for them to throw  
The dirt out with a shovel—they could not be impeded,  
But hoisted it with a windlass as the good work proceeded.  
They “side spiled” and “breast boarded” and used the “mud sill,”  
Doing the work carefully, safely, with a good will,  
Keeping the drain on a level and timbering as they went.  
After months and months of hard toil and anxiety spent,  
The bedrock was reached and the cold facts revealed  
As to whether these depths the yellow sands concealed.



Modern Mining Scene at the mouth of Montana, on Confederate Gulch, near  
Diamond City. Piping old diggins through bed-rock  
flumes with a Little Giant.



Present office of the Rocky Mountain Husbandman, established by R. N. and W. H. Sutherlin in Diamond City Nov. 25, 1875, and edited by them jointly for nearly twenty-five years. Removed to White Sulphur Springs Nov., 1879, before the laying off of the town.  
(Sketched by Winsor.)





F, as it sometimes happened, the dust was uncovered  
To reward the miner—'bout whom doubt had long hovered—  
The drain was pushed forward, then "crosscut" to the rim  
To cut off the water, and with windlass or whim  
The work of drifting out the dirt which on bedrock lay  
Commenced. They hoisted only dirt that contained pay.  
This on the surface into sluice boxes was then thrown  
And the water turned through the dirt, gravel and stone.  
Carrying away, as it rushed down the tail-race,  
The sand and the gravel, leaving the gold in its place  
Just below the "riffles," where the water's greatest force  
Was broken somewhat in its headlong, downward course.  
Thus the gold from the sand was sifted at smallest cost,  
So thoroughly that in "riffing down" not a "color" was lost.  
But cutting the long drains in the water-soaked ground,  
And taking out the "pay dirt" where it chanced to be found,  
Constituted life's most laborious, health-breaking task—  
When, where, or what could be greater you never need ask:  
For the men who then dug gold in that time now so long flown  
Were muscular giants; and there never was a drone



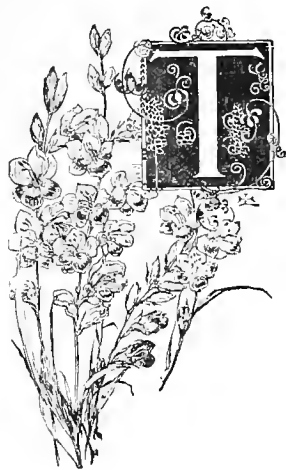
HELD a job at gold mining in those old placer days  
No matter how oily his tongue or suave his ways;  
But when placers promised fortunes in speedy return  
A few years of hard labor, there were few that would spurn.  
But gold mining's a lottery and winners are few;  
'T was the case here then and in Klondike 'tis so too.  
The play is for thousands, even millions, or more,  
But blanks are so numerous that failures by the score  
Are chronicled in every land where gold mining is done,  
And thousands are failures to the success of the one.  
The deposits, though scattering and well mixed with gravel,  
Sufficed to settle the country—'bout this there's no cavil—  
These valleys, these hills, mines, meadows, medical springs.  
To civilized man unknown; and time on its wings  
Would have marked never an epoch of gold-gilded domes,  
Temples of pleasure, school, worship,—palatial homes;  
The pitching of printing press on the prairies here  
That proved the foundation of empire in region fair.  
'T was this caused the gathering of forces that created trade,  
Built a town of fair proportions and a very high grade.



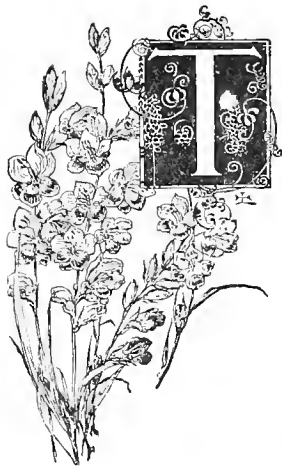
A view in White Sulphur Springs showing Auditorium and Murray Hill Residences.



Home of J. O. Hussey.



THE coming of gold hunters—era of placer mining,  
Which lasted a decade from the time of the finding—  
Of itself did not decide the country's sure fate  
As the home of a happy people, a commonwealth great:  
For ofttimes it happened in the swift-running race  
When the placers gave out, all abandoned the place.  
In Montana, however, when the placers were gone.  
An era of lasting greatness just began to dawn.  
Out upon the prairies, watered by many a stream  
Coursing down from heights, glistening in every sunbeam,  
Were lands so inviting, enticing, rich, and so rare,  
To the home-seeker wishing to live free from all care.  
Or the toil that usually characterizes life  
On farm further east, where incessant toil and strife  
Is the price demanded, and which all freely give  
Who, by their own exertion, their own earnings, must live,  
That forth to the green meadows—soil fertile as the Nile—  
Went the brawny, toil-worn miners their hours to beguile;  
Not in pleasure alone, since the mines had sadly failed  
To yield more to the workers—though prudence prevailed—



HAN enough for emergencies, demands of the hour,  
A glorious good time—toil's most enticing dower.  
So, fresh to the farm lands, flower-garlanded and gay,  
To built homes for a lifetime, and to extract more pay  
From ten inches of soil than they ever before could  
From the gold-bearing gulches, let them do as they would:  
Homes where they might their families from far away bring,  
From the land of their childhood day, where fancy doth fling  
So many scenes of pleasure, so beautifully true,  
At the old parental home where the sweet jasmine grew:  
The lake and the river, rock cliff and old water mill,  
Where sped by the days of boyhood, rollicking at will,  
Before hopes of gold and of fortune kindled in the breast  
And they were seized with a longing for the far-distant west—  
Built homes in the valleys, where the brooklet sings refrains,  
And sent for those who loved them beyond the great plains.  
It was thus that Montana grew and multiplied apace,  
Finally becoming owned by a civilized race.  
Smith River, so historic, shared the steady rate  
Of the great valleys, that compose the new state.



Glimpse of the City that has risen where our narrative begins.



Hauling stone for the Sherman Mansion, White Sulphur Springs. The last of the time-honored "bull whacking" scenes in Meagher county.





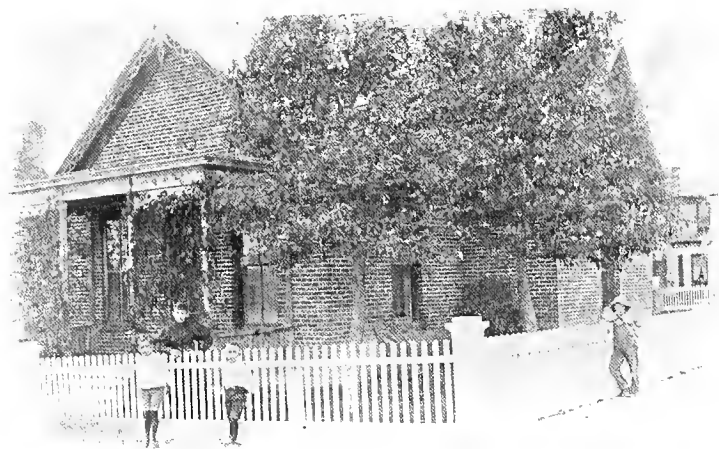
IN its settlement by whites, who gradually spread out,  
Occupying the inviting region found here about  
That's coming slowly under the brawny farmer's yoke,  
Making progress surely, steadily, stroke by stroke.  
It was away back in the sixties, it chanced somehow,  
Some watchers of herds and flocks and followers of the plow  
Followed the trail of the "Injuns," the gold hunter's footsteps,  
Across the bleak mountains to the luxuriant depths  
Of the long, winding valley, fascinating to behold,  
And by tamer methods undertook to gather gold.  
The first white men who ventured these precincts to invade,  
Who, intent on possessing them, habitation made,  
Were men of nerve and energy, a bold and hardy few,  
Who followed the trail to this region rich and new  
From the mining camp of Diamond—Confederate's old town.  
With effects upon a donkey wandered they the hills down;  
From the heights of snow and timber, from the distant mines,  
To long, sweeping meadows and green plateaus in lines  
That butt against highlands, as you turn on every side,  
Circling, encompassing completely the valley wide;



LATEAUS of alluvial soil, rolling away  
From the broad and sloping meadow where rivulets play;  
The river, brook and brooklet and meandering little stream,  
Making the scene as beautiful as a fairy dream:  
Rolling back upon the highlands with its vale between  
Stretched the long and grassy ridges to the groves ever green;  
With its nooks and dales and valleys sheltered from the wind—  
An inviting home for creatures of every kith and kind.  
From the bustling mining town, in search of golden treasure,  
To this paradise of bunchgrass, a veritable rural Mecca,  
They came first on foot, earthly effects upon burro,  
And later used the saddle horse, pack, and tapidero.  
With pack upon a pony, rude tools for beginning,  
The way was slow and tedious, as many a glorious inning;  
For they who came so early had everything to do  
In the way of upbuilding; but their coming never rue.  
The ancients knew the value of the country hereabout,  
Prized for its treasures, beauty, water and its trout;  
For its meadows and its flowers and fanciful hills,  
Its thermal springs, its rivers and so many rippling rills.



Home of Len Lewis, one of Smith River Valley's Leading Cattle and Sheep Owners,  
Near the Ancient Mines.



Home of George Bing.



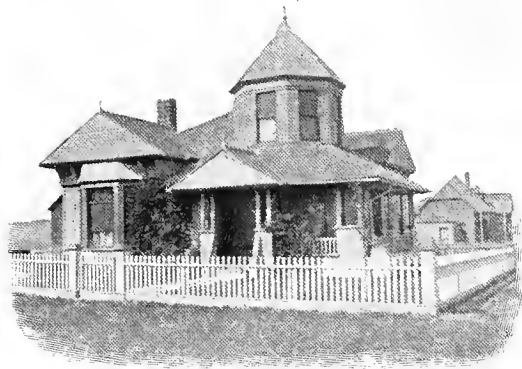
ATER, but long ago, the Reds found in possession  
From lives of ease, idleness, had but slight digression,  
But loved the valley with deep and true affection  
And only went away for their families' protection.  
But greedy, grafty white man saw only in his coming  
A chance to gather riches and thus set things to humming,  
After years of fruitless toil in wet, dangerous mines,  
Exchanging health und vigor for form that pain entwines.  
Gold is luring, gold is mighty, sorely tempting old and young,  
But the little gains for digging from the earth—toil wrung—  
Are short of compensating for the risk the miner takes,  
Or even worth receiving for recurring pains and aches.  
Crest-fallen and disheartened and covered with chagrin  
Came the miners here an independence to begin;  
For plenty and to spare be bulwarks of a nation,  
Laid strong and lasting, a never-failing foundation;  
And the winter home of buffalo, elk and caribou  
Became the home of the gentle bovine and fleece-bearing ewe—  
The home for horse and cattle herds, flocks of goats and sheep,  
Where to rear and to tend them man may only vigil keep.



ERE gathered sick and lame, rheumatic, halt and blind,  
The aged, the decrepid, from the shivery frosts of time,  
And laughed and leaped in wild delight, fell down and kissed the earth  
And praised the day they wandered from the land that gave them birth.  
Or if, by chance, it happened their childhood's home was here,  
The water and surroundings were rendered the more dear.  
But the Whites little heeded the custom of the Reds  
But for golden treasures would have torn the land in shreds.  
The Indian trails and thermal springs were too insignificant  
To claim attention of fortune hunters, cold, irrelevant.  
In parlance of the day, these men in search of wealth  
Were not in search of climate, sunshine, or good health.  
They saw the sun go down in crimsoned horizon of blue—  
The beauties of landscape, like land of honey dew;  
Beheld the sulphur pools so very deep and balmy,  
Where they gushed from the earth; they lingered so calmly  
To perform their glorious mission e'er hurrying on  
To join the river near by in its race toward dawn;  
Saw the beauteous surroundings, glorious shining days,  
The brilliant sun at noonday and evening's golden rays:



Oka, Montana, property of the Bower Bros. Live Stock Co., near the Judith Gap.

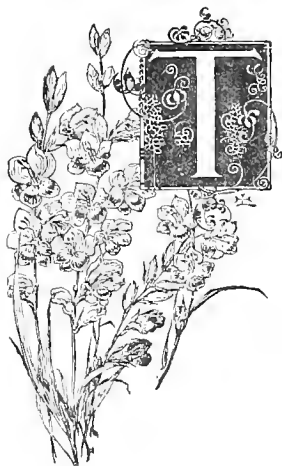


Home of R. G. Wight.





AW these, amazed, in wonderment; saw green and rolling plain,  
The mountains filled with treasures, but counted not the gain  
From a home here so delightful, from the thermal stream  
Gushing forth in all its glory—a life-giving dream.  
The early homes were primitive, famed for isolation,  
The chief design then, as now, a very great possession.  
They saw upon the mountains the path by ancients made,  
That followed to the winding stream and weeping willow glade,  
And on along the woodlands till mist of sulphur spray  
Rising from the water lay full within the way.  
Here they found the red men, their tepees scattered 'round,  
Basking in the cures that in these waters did abound.  
The glories of the realm which their existence completed  
They'd sworn, by all their gods, should ne'er be desecrated:  
Their mission, that of healing the children of all men,  
Be their ills what they may or came they from whence or when,  
Who plunged into their bosom, basking beneath their flood,  
And repeated the operation when in achy mood.  
There were some who sought for gold, others for pasture plains,  
Others sought its timber to cart it over the range,



O sell it to the miners for sluice boxes and the like,  
To aid them in their efforts—these brawny men from ‘Pike’—  
To separate the gold from the tons of earth and gravel.  
So hid for centuries—its existence a marvel.  
'T was at an early lumber camp, in wild, western glen—  
An outpost of civilization held by a few men—  
That the first steam whistle these echoes to awaken  
Blew shrill and loud until the aspen trees were shaken,  
Ringing out so loud and clear on the crisp morning air,  
From the river's silvery strand to the mountain crag bare,  
Rolling up 'gainst the woodland and down the deep ravines,  
Awakening from his lair in life-long quiet scenes  
The bear, and the lion in the low and tangled wood,  
And startling elk and deer from the mountain's snowy hood,  
While timid and trembling from the clust'ring gooseberry briar  
Stole cautiously forth, all startled, the crouching hare;  
The eagle, on swift pinions, came circling here around  
To ascertain the source of such an unearthly sound:  
The wild gazelle, gently grazing, at once took to flight  
And the falcon set to screeching, so great was its fright



Site of the Old Sawmill where the first steam whistle blew on Smith River Valley.



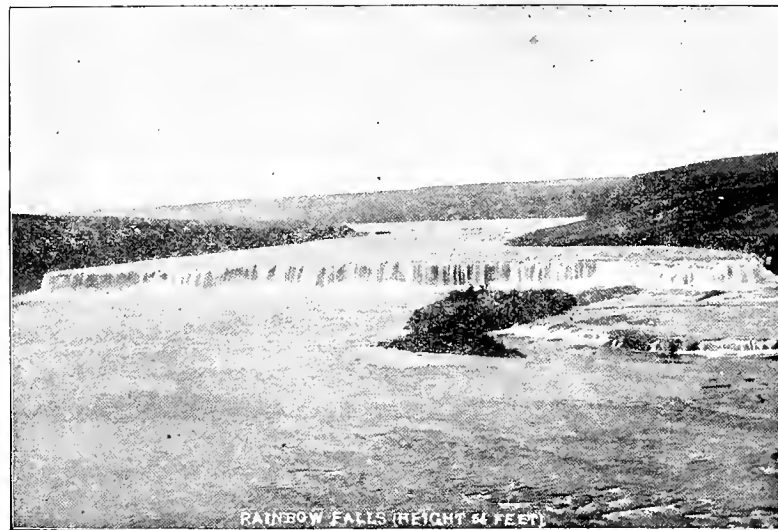
Glimpse of Knob Hill from Lake Ida, in front of P. J. Moore's residence, showing homes of Mrs. Ellen Woodward, Phillip Gehrett and the Jno. A. Woodson and R. Coburn premises.



ILD the commotion which this simple device set astir  
By a cunning, pale-faced, Missouri River engineer,  
With appliances rude, tools to fashion with were few,  
Yet we shaped and framed a whistle that its business knew.  
A block of red cedar, polished, hollowed out by hand  
To fit perfectly into a baking powder can:  
This attached to a pipe that went out over head  
From the sawmill boiler which the rushing steam fed:  
Then, turning back the throttle, the steam went whizzing out.  
Fierce and wild was the sound and terrible was the rout  
Of bird and beast—every living thing, large and small game.  
For the screech of the whistle was far from being tame.  
The writer was “stoker,” part owner, cub engineer,  
To this old river boatman of a checkered career.  
Who had plowed the upper rivers many a summer through,  
And could readily build an engine to work perfectly true.  
For him the yeast powder can and block of cedar wood  
Proved quite as sonorous, equally as good  
As the polished metal whistle of these modern days  
That sounds alarms, calls to work, and is used in many ways.



PRIMITIVE the material, rude the construction,  
It marked a new era of wonderful production,  
An event in history, that year of sixty-eight—  
The pride of Smith River's children ever to relate.  
The whites who wandered thither a year or so before  
And to this great region had opened wide the door,  
Fortressed themselves, and with a determined will  
Held this western frontier post, the old sawmill:  
They held out bravely 'gainst various savage raids  
Of vicious northern Indians, Piegan renegades,  
Who friendly appeared to the whites at old Fort Benton,  
But thither came for conquest and horseflesh intent on;  
Held the outpost and the valley 'gainst murderous thieves  
Till Uncle Sam's soldiers their vigilance relieved.  
Just below the sawmill the government fort-maker  
Established here headquarters—afterward called Camp Baker  
In honor of Colonel Baker, Piegan exterminator—  
Particulars of which are given a little later.  
Brave Captain Norton at dinner did the christening—  
Old settlers here today say he did the proper thing.



Scene on the Missouri River near the head of navigation.



Valley of the North Fork as seen from Knob Hill—Showing the Dairy  
Ranch of Robert and William Zehntner.





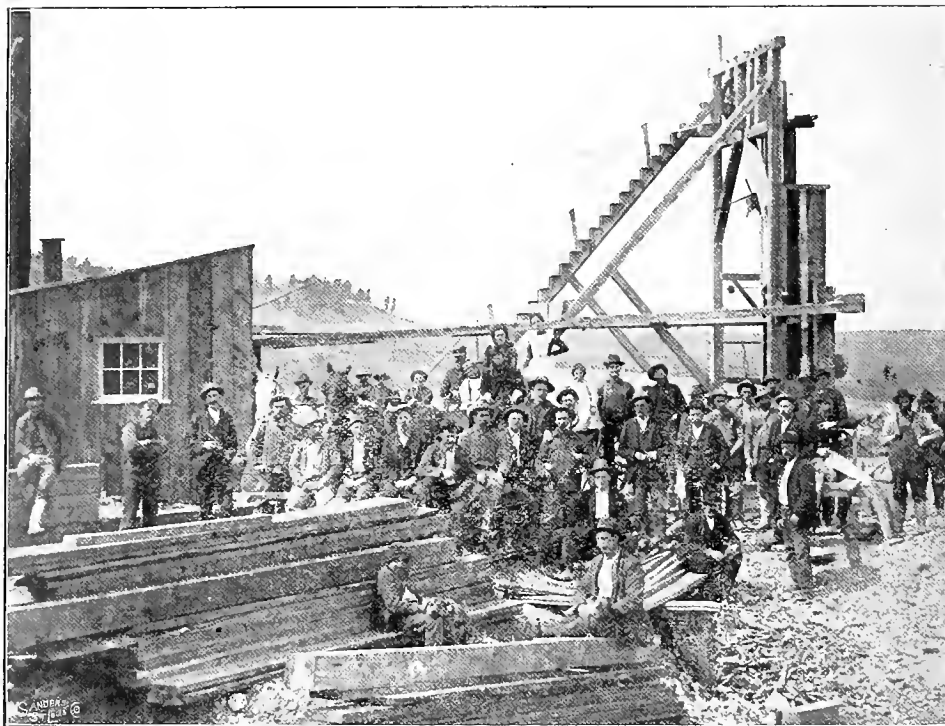
HEY were partakers of the feast when the naming was done  
And considered the honor Baker had justly won.  
Life on the wild valley since proved a bit more secure  
And there became less hardships henceforth to endure.  
But why it proved thus the settlers could never tell—  
So seldom the reds ever prey to these soldiers fell;  
For before the soldiers came the settlers would give chase  
And very often gave the reds a life and death race.  
But punishment inflicted on an aboriginal foe  
Was naught compared to what the whites suffered—the terrible blow  
Dealt by warriors, in vengeance complete  
For being dispossessed of a land to pleasure meet;  
For many a luckless prospector became their victim,  
Falling before their deadly aim—ne'er knew what struck him.  
Ah! many brave adventurers who every danger did spurn  
Sought this Indian hunting ground never to return;  
And many weary travelers, set afoot by some raid,  
Suffered all that human could before reaching aid.  
But the presence of the blue coats and big guns on wheels  
Kept the foe a greater distance, as history reveals.



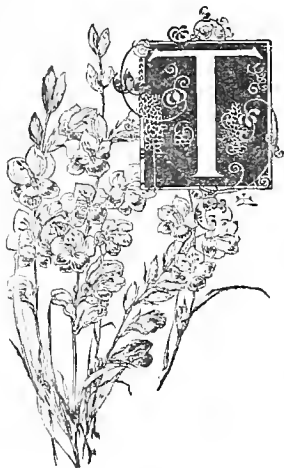
UT the marauding continued, stretching far and wide  
For the horses of prospectors used to pack and ride,  
This thing continued like a bold, daring destiny,  
Till forbearance a virtue at length ceased to be.  
The military determined to end the traffic  
By one fell encounter, one that proved very graphic:  
For sometimes, pretending friendship, thieving was done by night,  
Then hurrying to the mountains to cover their flight.  
At the town of Fort Benton—head of navigation—  
They disposed of their booty to white renegation.  
But in course of time this treachery was cut short  
By one daring officer and his trusty escort.  
The thieves and murderers so incensed the daring man  
He determined to put an end to this Piegan band.  
It was in midwinter the thermometer was low—  
Twenty below zero—and colder did it grow,  
As Baker and his men, two hundred and fifty, or more,  
Followed hard the Indians—freezing to the core;  
Followed all night long, until the first streaks of day  
Revealed the smoke from tepees, curling upward, away.



Fort Logan, the valley home of Judge Wm. Gaddis, Montana's  
Pioneer Hereford Breeder.



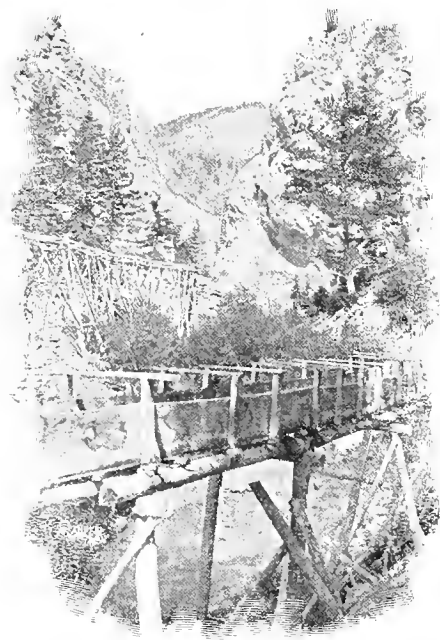
Operations of W. W. McDowell, North Pacific Mine, Copperopolis, Montana.



HEY were outnumbered, to be sure, more than three to one.  
But they thirsted to do battle and rated it fun—  
Sweeping like a hurricane the Teton valley down  
Upon a camp of murderers, who too late had found  
Their great booty of horsetflesh and scalps freshly taken  
Provoked the blue coats, and e'er they could awaken  
Many had crossed the River Styx to the happy hunting ground—  
The home for which all red men eventually are bound.  
Braves, squaws and papposes who stood in the deadly wake  
Of leaden missiles which, purely for vengeance' own sake,  
Swept the valley of the Teton with merciless blast,  
Carrying death and destruction in terror aghast  
To the tenting villagers, regardless of sex or age—  
Youth, maiden, squaw, pappoose, shared fate of warrior sage:  
Fell before the storm of lead, bayonets and sabre,  
Paid the penalty of murderer, thief and raider.  
Hard indeed was the fate of the women and the babes  
To be held responsible for the men's wanton escapades.  
But vengeance, alas, is, O, how uncompromising !  
When maddened by blood there's no thought of fraternizing.



UT alike upon the heads of innocent and guilty  
Fell the punishment of a people so unwittingly.  
Like the deed of Col. Chivington many years before  
This fight of Col. Baker's shocked Christendom to the core.  
Chivington avenged the murders of the far southern plains  
Committed by Black Kettle's band upon emigrant trains:  
He swore in the direst extremity of his ire  
He would fight the red devils with their own kind of fire.  
He spared not the women, the innocent,—how unfair !  
But to the bayonet, glistening, every bosom was laid bare.  
Innocent infants they disemboweled in their rage,  
Nor spared they the lives that were tottering with age.  
The bold Black Kettle band made homes near the Platte,  
They painted its valley red, were a terror and all that,  
Of the country far surrounding the Platte plains region  
And the tales of their massacres in numbers are legion.  
For years they reigned in the hills by the emigrant road,  
At safe distance from the Rangers making their abode:  
Dashing down at intervals onto wagon trains long,  
Stretching away toward the mountains in stream steady and strong.



Avalanche Gulch, on the Missouri Valley.



Home of James J. O'Marr.

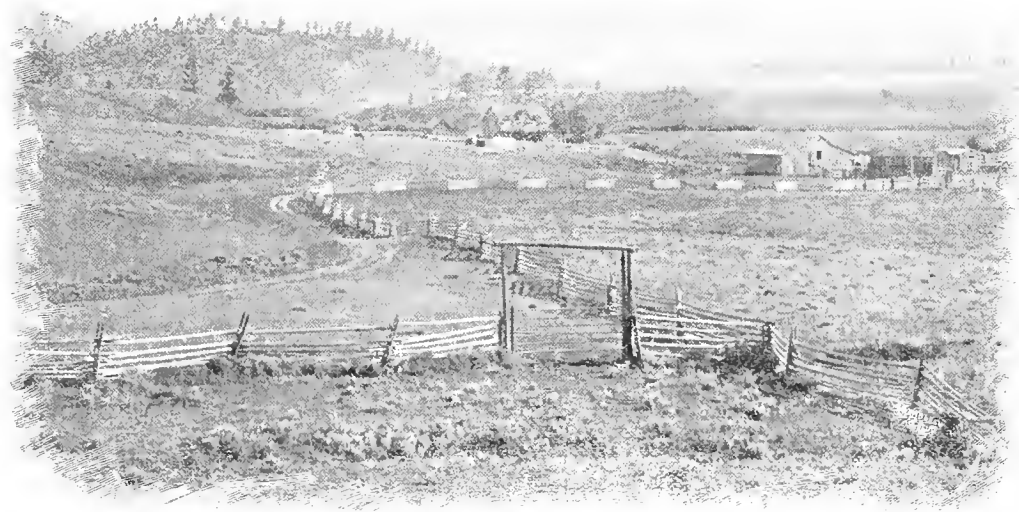




HEN retreating again to their trackless sandhill dunes,  
Where, safe from pursuit, they awaited favorable moons  
Ere again they would venture—this marauding crew—  
To raid on the trains and raise a hullabaloo.  
Chivington knew that women and babes died at their hands—  
Objects of mercy and sacred in all other lands—  
And determined he would end these terrible scenes,  
Cost it the life of every Indian,—regardless of the means  
That might prove necessary to accomplish the end.  
The lives of the whites it was his duty to defend.  
So he gave chase to the red men, surprised them asleep—  
They awoke in their hunting ground beyond the great deep,  
With no women or children their sad lot to wail,  
For neither age nor sex were spared to tell the tale  
Of how this hurricane of wrath—soldier boys in blue—  
Swept wildly in upon them, a revenge-seeking crew;  
And, guilty or not, wreaked alike on old and young  
The pent up vengeance for many foul murders done.  
And so it was on this occasion of which we write  
Baker avenged the murders of many a Smith River fight.



NUMEROUS were the battles fought, with great strength and will,  
Between the whites and Indians at the lonesome sawmill.  
On one occasion there were fifty warriors or more  
Whom the mill men on awakening espied at the door.  
Springing to their arms—the first impulse of startled men—  
The Indians retreated, fortunately, for when  
The ammunition was sought 't was found, to their dismay,  
To be all in the mill house, several rods away.  
The Indians having withdrawn, a parley to hold,  
Sutherlin, (W. H.) daring, adventurous and bold,  
Rushed out from the cabin that answered as a fort,  
Secured the ammunition and made it back to port.  
The Indians saw the manœuvre, its purpose well guessed—  
A fusillade of bullets grazed the adventurer's chest.  
Van Ness held the fort while Sutherlin dashed out,  
Discovered an advance down a coulee-covered route.  
By means of some port holes, which he with an auger bored  
Through the big pine logs, from whence many volleys poured,  
And quickly flashed his Springfield, held with steady hand,—  
The bullet plowed a furrow and dashed a spray of sand



Home of John T. Moore, a leading cattle owner of Smith River Valley. Site of the Battle described on adjoining page. Cabin stood on site of dwelling and mill near where barn stands.



Home of A. M. Henry.



IN the eyes of the besiegers; and the bullet went close  
To the head of the leader, who concluded 't was no use  
To take such desperate chances for all there was in sight;  
So with a half day's sharpshooting the besiegers took to flight.  
The besiegers pelted the cabin with a hailstorm of lead,  
While the men within plowed the earth 'bout many an "Injun" head.  
But why recount occasions of bloodshed which happened by the score.  
The battles won and lost in those early days of yore?  
We might portray by dozens the conflicts of the times,  
But we wish to forget them as if they had been crimes;  
For desperate the struggle it cost the pioneer  
To wrest it from the people who held it ever dear—  
This land so inviting in all the ages of the world—  
Unmitigated vengeance of reds 'gainst whites was hurled.  
They had owned it for centuries, counted it their own,  
But time-wreaking vengeance is on the weak alone;  
The strong have their rights protected—have strength to make it so.  
But the weak ever by Fortune's waves buffeted must go.  
And terrible was the story of war's wild alarm  
And dangerous the sojourn in this land of perfect charm.



ND sickening, too, the tale of vengeance too severe  
Wreaked upon a people of a checkered career.  
'Tis the skeleton in the closet of a land of peace and love,  
A visage grim and hoary without olive branch or dove:  
A blot upon the history of a realm most divine,  
And we pass it by in haste, in this story of rhyme,  
For that which's more inviting, delightful to contemplate,  
And feel it were a pity that at any human date  
Wars should curse a land so transcendently fair:  
But it shows, to the red men 't was their ev'ry care—  
Their Mecca of devotion and home of perfect peace,  
Where to sachems, squaws, warriors, pleasures ne'er ceased.  
From the days of the gold hunter and bold lumberman  
And garrisoning the fort with soldiers of Uncle Sam,  
The advent of herds and the flocks of the golden hoof  
Began to weave hereabout progression's warp and woof.  
The strides were aught but rapid in civilizing trend  
And once it seemed as though isolation would ne'er end,  
But two adventurous men of wild imagination  
Conceived ideas of homes—of sublime desertation—



Home of Almon Spencer.







OR all mankind in ill health, infirm, or in distress,  
Where life, peaceful and serene, would ever be blessed;  
For all unfortunates who of these waters could partake  
And a home in their health-giving atmosphere would make:  
Bless ever and for all time that which brought them here  
To spend in highest spirits a life of great good cheer.  
They beheld with ease the history written in the sand  
Of how, for countless ages, it had been the home of man,  
And reckoned well the reason wherefore many trails converge  
At the precinct where the waters sing to misery its dirge.  
They saw the ancient diggings and the great fossil beds,  
Gathered beads, stone daggers, and agate arrow heads:  
Looked out over the landscape where the sun went to rest,  
Marveled at the beauty with which it was blessed;  
And reckoned well the great possibilities in store  
For this panoramic empire as in centuries before;  
And while others craftily sought possession and gain  
They sought only this one happy thought to proclaim:  
That here, hemmed in by the mountains fantastic in form,  
Nestled a lovely valley so hid from every storm,



HERE life in its confines is so free from every care  
And so pure and so bracing in its health-giving air;  
Where there is a balm for all ills—the medical springs—  
Where life spins away without a care as it wings;  
Where now, as years ago by geological measure,  
Earth's people might revel in a day dream of pleasure.  
The one thought of their lives was to tell others to come  
To share the health and comfort of this wild, western home  
To this end a pond'rous press, with type cheerless and cold,  
On this bunchgrass prairie established a foothold;  
And fearless, impetuous, in a forcible way,  
Told of the virtues that in these sulphur waters lay;  
Telling a story as true as the Scriptures of old  
Of the beautiful scenery and wonderful mould;  
Of the mountains and parks, the plains, brooklets and streams.  
And of how the wond'rous water with magic healing teems.  
The tidings were echoed and re-echoed near and far  
And nothing could the great beauty of these visions mar.  
The strong hand at the wheel that rolled the mighty press  
Pushed a faber at night with cunning and zest;



Home of J. T. Wood and his kites that carried a twelve-foot flag 2,500 feet above the town.



The kites of J. T. Wood carrying stars and stripes 2,500 feet above the earth. Photographed at two exposures by the Misses Hampton.



RSTWHILE afar on the road press'd the other of the clan  
Carrying the sheet to every nook and corner of the land.  
Mighty the undertaking to erect on the plain  
A city, metropolis, in sparsely settled domain.  
The waters did the healing, the press the work praised.  
And from the green sward a majestic city raised;  
Homes of magnificence, models of stone, of brick, and wood,  
Reared themselves on surroundings where tepees once stood:  
Reared up in grandeur of most modern art,  
And of the healing city became an integral part.  
There was the artisan, tradesman, and wise merchant elf  
With no other purpose to serve than to gain for him self,  
Though a necessary part of every commonwealth,  
Whether the foundation's industry, fancy or health:  
An interest that generally in every cause that's right  
Holds up its end strongly with great vehemence and might.  
A habitation, first with postoffice as tither  
A nucleus formed where the trails come together.  
About a year later still the newspaper came  
And the spot assumed proportions. a village in name.



AND the pleasant things rehearsed by the press of the town,  
And by degrees and various agencies noised 'round.  
Multiplied its population and swelled its tide,  
Added to its wealth, strength and increased its pride--  
School-houses, churches first, then a great temple of fun  
In the very front rank, from the time it first begun,  
Stood this city of health in the very wigwam place  
Where the tenter's daily food was furnished by chase.  
But then as now, in age of gilded homes and advance,  
Rejuvenated man looking on at things askance,  
Sees first and foremost the magical, magnetic springs  
But next from the press there's the gladest of welcome rings.  
The gold hunter, the lumberman, pioneered the way,  
Following these the cattlemen and cow-boy had their day.  
Then came the flockmaster with his timid, bleeting sheep,  
Followed by the farmer who big harvests did reap.  
Each epoch, however, consumed full half a decade.  
Each to civilization wrought its own peculiar aid.  
Things moved swifter then than in times prehistoric  
Before the dawn of science, or lit'rature metaphoric,



Home of B. R. Sherman.



Home of Peter R. Wild.





HEN their impressions in the earth by hard labor wrought—  
The shaping of stone implements, the only science taught—  
Is the only historic writing preserv'd to-day  
To tell of race and ages that have passed away  
Since when erect, active, intellectual and free  
Mankind first made a home in this wonderful valley.  
Like the stone dislodged from the steep mountain side  
Moving slowly at first, like the dark, low swelling tide,  
But gains momentum as it speeds on toward the vale;  
So the journey of mankind on time's swift speeding trail  
Becomes swifter far with each generation that's born,  
Accomplishing more even in life's merry morn  
Than in the unmeasured span of time, sped before  
The half civilized people, the artisans of yore,  
Gave way or degeneration had a beginning  
When 'rose in their stead the North American Indian.  
Suffering humanity, always eager for relief,  
And strongly credulous in the matter of belief,  
In every new remedy, auxiliary or direct,  
Heard wonderful tales of the magical effect



F the curative waters of these white sulphur springs,  
Promulgated by the printing press that broadcast flings  
A story of the hundreds, aye of the thousands, healed here,  
Of every disease upon earth to which flesh is heir.  
It told of the cures by this medicine performed,  
These great healing waters, Rocky Mountain Siloam:  
This ensign of progression propelled by human force  
Of the beauties of this region did also discourse;  
Its home on the prairie, the theme it loved to pursue  
Was pictured in colors to dame nature quite true—  
The valley, majestic river, and rolling foot-hills,  
The mountains of eternal snow, and the cool, sparkling rills,  
The footprints of time, and the venerable sages,  
Heights of eternal winter and snows of past ages:  
The forests, and the canyon, and dismal and deep defiles,  
Constituting here one of nature's grandest of wilds;  
The fountains of youth, thermal, mysterious, pure and balm  
Insuring for all aches and all pains complete calm.  
All who came and went from this wild, sequestered dell  
Could only happy stories of health and pleasure tell.



Home of State Senator E. J. Anderson.



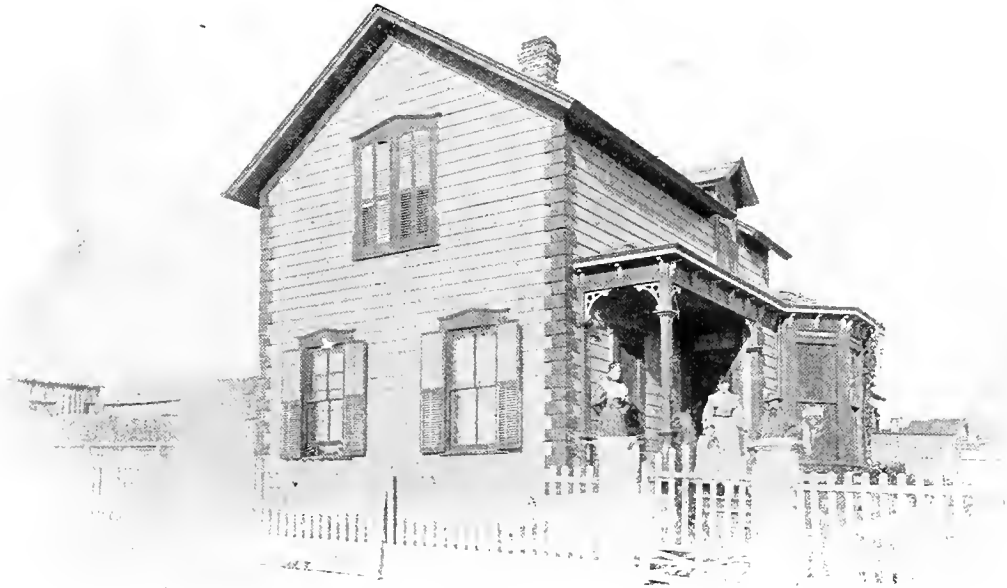
Hunting Camp of J. L. Dilworth, Geo. Cline and  
J. J. Blessing in the precincts of Wall  
Mountain, December, 1899.



REAT revelations about the healing of his fellow man  
Glowed in the press as though the work of magic hand.  
Pleasant in its recitals. descriptively glowing,  
A current of life through it ever flowing.  
It told the world how the redman from afar had come,  
From the northland, and the southland, his far distant home.  
And of how by their coming their lives to prolong,  
For the pleasure, and the health of the weak and the strong:  
For ages and ages for which there's no accounting  
They had worn a deep thoroughfare o'er plain, valley and mountain:  
And but a few years ago in the records of the hour  
Told how these Indians on their regular tour  
From their home beyond the Rockies to go to "buffalo"  
Though many routes lay thither were most sure to go  
By the one of White Sulphur, the waters to enjoy,  
And be eased as of old, from such pains as annoy;  
For though driven from the valley by the whites strong arm  
It continued for this people to have its old charm.  
And when miles away approaching, sulphur did smell  
Knowing its great virtue they raised the native yell,



AND dashing forward at full speed they rode to the rim  
Of the white steaming pools, dismounted and plunged in.  
Men and women, youth and maidens, all in wild galore,  
With reckless abandon, nothing less, nothing more.  
Without the habiliments of bathing suits now admir'd  
Enjoyed the swimming pools wholly unattired.  
Men here to-day remembered the events well  
And the clustering villages of tepees, first here beheld,  
And later the coming of the children of the west,  
Who by using the waters were eminently bless'd  
The records kept of the baths, history to adorn,  
Tell of patients before bathing being chloroformed—  
So excruciating the pain, so hard to withstand  
That drugging was necessary before raising a hand,  
But this mystical water with its healing compound  
Made the lame to leap with joy, full relief being found,  
And the chloroformed patient, surpassing all hope,  
A week later was chasing deer and fleet antelope.  
And a speechless merchant from the British jurisdiction  
Who wrote his communications so dire his affliction



Home of Charles Mayn.



Some of the organizers of the Montana Press Association in National Park.





THREE months later, using the water the redman adored,  
Was surprised at his articulation, speech was restored;  
And more wonder still, poor Povencher  
Resting his hands on his knees as he crept on his way,  
Drawn and distorted in muscle, body and limb,  
Disheartened, discouraged, crestfallen, all out of trim,  
Ligaments all contracted with sciatic affection  
Just able to creep without aid or direction,  
Came to these pools, having exhausted all medical trust,  
To get relief if he could, and die trying, if he must.  
He tried the hot baths, of the waters freely partook,  
Bathing day by day and no discouragement would brook—  
Stubborn the affliction and slow to yield its strong grasp  
In which so firmly its victim it had long held fast;  
But finally after weeks of patient forbearance  
Relief began to manifest itself. Not by chance  
But by virtue of the water applied with due skill,  
Faithfully, incessantly, with vigor and will.  
The tension gave way and the muscles relaxed,  
The ligaments no longer with stringency taxed.



STRONG form stood erect once more and leaped with great joy,  
A new man complete, straight, active as when a boy.  
There were Bright's disease victims, with pain and distress rife  
Who by a sojourn here obtained a new lease of life:  
And others sorely afflicted with 'dyspepsia  
Who could eat whate'er they pleased after a brief stay.  
The calendar is long, and to be truthful and fair,  
Includes every disease to which human flesh is heir.  
Except and save such diseases affecting brain and heart—  
In such cures, alone, they could not perform any part.  
But for every other malady mankind must endure  
It is a sure remedy, the one specific cure.  
There were hundreds of cases like these above stated  
But these show conclusively the waters rightly rated.  
Hundreds, yes, there were thousands, but these few will suffice  
To show that its value to man is beyond price.  
We refer to the springs, and the bathing, and drinking,  
Its resuscitating power that acts in a twinkling:  
'Tis the balm of all balms, life's true elixir by name,  
That restore youth to old age, alleviates all pain.



Home of Louis Heitman.



Fairview—Headquarters Louis  
Heitman's 30,000 acre sheep  
ranch, the old Onon-  
daga premises.



QUIETLY nestling in the background and yet near by  
Inside the beautiful blending of hill-top and sky,  
In the watershed of the mountain, the region 'round,  
Strange natural wonders in great numbers abound:  
There is the dark crystal cavern so weird, wild and deep,  
And far up the hillside pathway rough, rocky and steep  
The rudest of all, Rams Horn or Bandits Retreat  
Where the outlaws of past ages brooked no defeat,  
But rested most secure from all attempts at pursuit  
Their booty to enjoy, their tired forms to recruit.  
Then there's the great volcano with crater, deep defile,  
A vast disheveled mass, a grand mysterious pile  
Of lava, cinder, and stupendous rock-riven cliff,  
With rough, colossal stones from their mooring adrift,  
The blue, placid lake resting in the vale below  
Where the hot lava rushed when came the overflow,  
Girdling the clear, crystal stream as it rippling sped  
On its swift winding way, glistening like a silver thread,  
Stretching deep across the gorge, a blue spreading lake formed  
Where mountain trout hibernate: that wild fowl adorn.



JOURNAL in the sunshine following the first peep of day,  
And glistening in golden tints of evening's last ray,  
Westward stands Mount Edith, proud heights of eternal snow  
Side by side the sisters. Fates. Furies, heaven piercing row.  
Architecturally prismatic, immense in size,  
Inspiring to behold as they stretch toward the skies,  
There the snows of untold ages in great glacier heaps  
Feed the majestic river that through the valley sweeps:  
And the marvelous beauty that gladdens the sight  
Of the wandering adventurer of that dizzy height:  
The valley Missouri, its quiet nestling homes,  
Bozeman and Helena, and their gold-gilded domes:  
The source of the Missouri in mountains ever white  
With the garb of hoary winter, reflecting the light.  
From the backbone of the continent where the waters divide,  
To the wide sweeping valleys, Montana's greatest pride.  
The vision sweeps far out over the mighty expanse,  
Beheld from ethereal heights by one encircling glance,  
And a thrill of delight like some merry, sweet chime  
Tingles through every vein, a reward for the climb:



Home of the late State Senator J. T. Anderson.



On Smith River's Strand—Typical Rocky  
Mountain Willow.





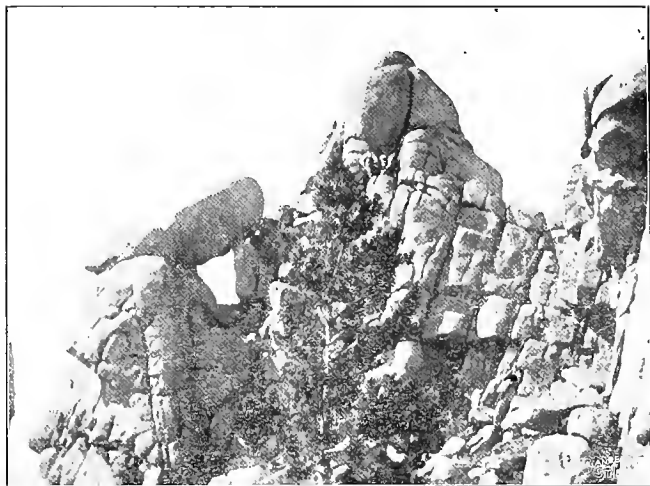
YET of all the bright pictures from this pinnacle divine  
To gladden every heart, and satisfy every mind,  
Is Smith River the gorgeous, the most favored of earth  
Of all happy regions, to which nature gave birth,  
Shining out in its glory, in its splendid outlines,  
The region of all regions, the clime of all climes.  
How different, how delighting, what a scene to behold  
Compared with the view of those bygone days of old;  
There once was a sea with undulating lands far reaching  
Marked by broad rivers, with a mighty strength sweeping  
From some vast tropical inland, and low tangled wood,  
Into a deep placid sea, its thick soil-laden flood;  
Streams winding among cypress and palm, full tropical trees,  
Tepid and balmy as the waters of Hesperides.  
Times shifting scenes, how swiftly they are passing us by,  
We see them going, but scarcely know how, when or why:  
But we mark not the changes as we're drifting along  
Listening to the melody of some sweet syren song,  
But when we contrast what is now with that which has been  
We wonder that fleeting ages should leave kith or kin.



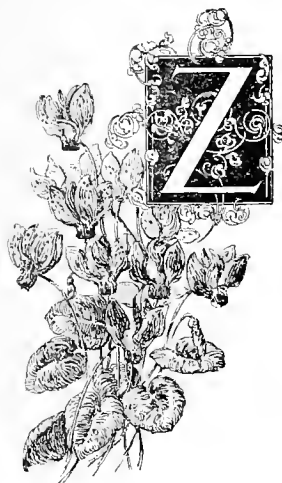
At the foot of the great mountains where the deep waters lay  
Spread out in diversity most fantastic and gay,  
Is a valley of sunshine, all bustling and alive,  
An Eden where Nature's kingdom unprotected will thrive;  
Fenced about so artistically with great mountain chains,  
As if the Maker had designed it for the gods' domains.  
There are shadowy forms waving and dancing in air  
Bathing the ever-changing landscape in fantasies fair—  
The light and the darkness, the yellow, purple and gold  
A salient wreath of confusion one loves to behold.  
To the eye gifted with love for the scenic and pure  
It is worth life's greatest struggle a glimpse to secure;  
Whether you wander among them and see them close by  
Or from heights of eternal winter, Edith's pinnacles high,  
Dazzling, sunlit, gorgeous and fantastic in shape,  
Bewitching, fascinating,—a charm none can escape.  
We have gazed from these heights as pride filled the soul.  
That eye could encompass so much or at one glance behold  
Such a varied expanse, vast and delighting withal—  
The most profound admiration at once will install.



Town Home of James Chamberlin, Prominent Cattle Raiser  
and Shorthorn Breeder.



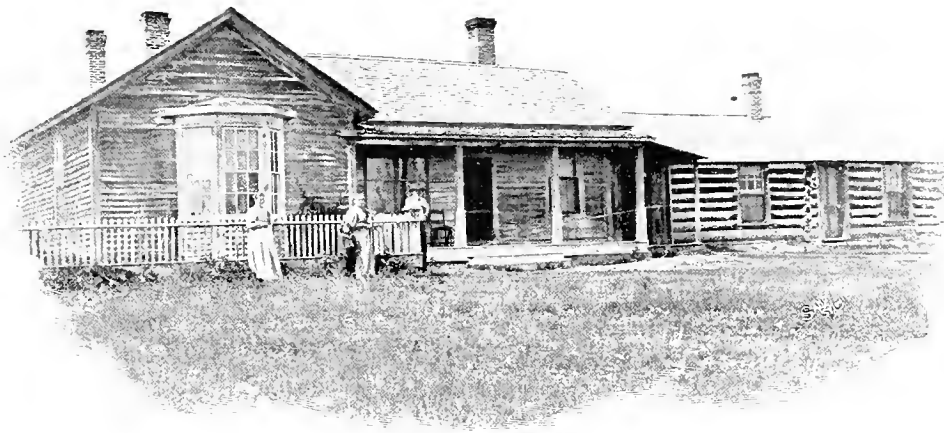
Among the granite piles of Flat Iron Mountain—A  
romantic lovers' retreat. ( Photographed  
by Miss Mathilde Hampton. )



IGZAG. rugged upheaval, smoothed by process of time,  
With nooks, vales, dales, and hillocks, in array simply fine.  
Hundreds have looked down from these heights bounded with snow,  
To the far winding river through the valley below,  
But none so cold that their souls didn't stir at the sight  
Of its panoramic beauty, a human delight.  
But the cunning of words, their merry jingle and rhyme—  
About the great wealth of soil and most genial clime.  
The pen picture of homes to be had for the taking,  
Of wealth to pour in with but little effort making;  
Of a life on the prairie, so boundless and free,  
Among the wild Rocky Mountains where a destiny  
Hath decreed empire by its immense aggregation,  
Of the richest and rarest of nature's creation  
Which the comfort and happiness of life here demand  
For all the races of man of time's thinkable span:  
So complete in themselves without further addition,  
To make of old time's pleasures an equal division  
Among all that came to this region from far and from near,  
From the homes of every comfort and to childhood most dear,



FROM the pine-clad hills of New England, their pleasures and pride,  
The green isle of the sea, where sweet patience doth abide,  
From the far east, and farther west, the north, and the south.  
To where plenty and to spare reigns without famine or drouth,  
So alluring the outlook, so complete in detail;  
The pen pictures that went out, their mission prevailed,  
And whether one longs for climate, scenery or home,  
Or aimlessly amid pleasant surrounding to roam,  
We know not where else on earth gathered together,  
Of more calculated to bestow health or pleasure,  
Than may be found in this region loftily perching  
In rarified atmosphere, altitudes sky piercing;  
Fanned during the summer by a snow cooled breeze  
And warmed by winter currents from Japanese seas—  
Well known in every land that of its glories have partook  
As the famous, ever welcome, genial chinook—  
A land where sweetest of zephyrs play the whole summer through,  
And icy streams meander clear as crystal dew,  
Singing merrily on in the golden summer sun,  
And pausing not while hurrying on their race to run:



Unity—Home of C. W. Cook, Pioneer Sheep Ranch of Montana.



Home of Dr. D. McH. McKay, Mayn Addition.

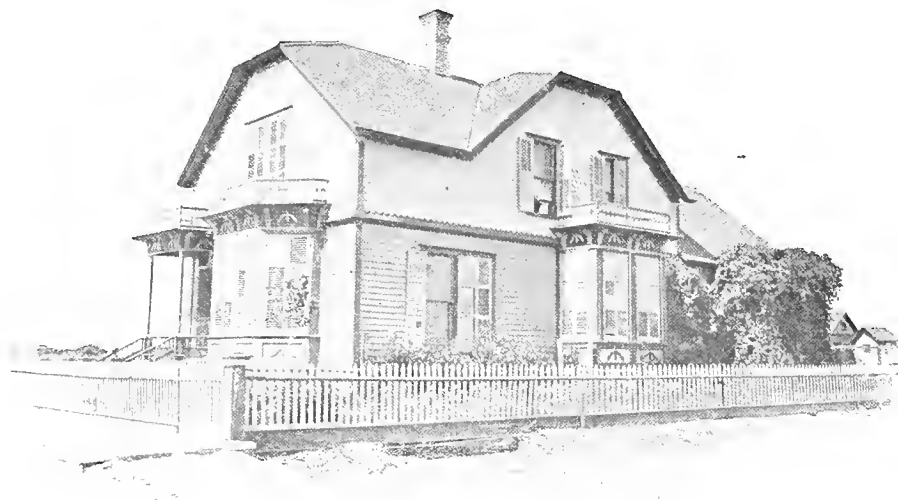




VENTURE the dark canyons, leap the roaring falls below,  
Nor linger on their way to the Gulf of Mexico.  
Billowy meadows wave before a kind cooling breeze  
Flower crusted and gay, gorgeous-hued serf, rolling seas  
Wafting far over the prairie, wide as the vision,  
A perfume as delicate as the land of Elsyian,  
A full mile above the line of the sea swelling tide:  
Above where venomous reptile life can abide,  
Where accumulated ages of eternal snow,  
Frown down upon a realm of enchantment far below:  
A vale lofty, pinnacled, but quiet and serene,  
Clothed in luxuriant verdure of living green  
Cradled in the bosom of heights weird and wild,  
The happiest home of fair nature's wandering child.  
A land of bright days, of sweet-scented flowers,  
Of peaks, groves, and dales, and wild vine-covered bowers,  
Inviting to strangers and to residents most dear,  
Enticing and homelike, resplendent, comely and clear,  
Where continuance here below's a day dream of youth.  
And the great charm existence is—remember the one truth—



S ease, pleasure and contentment, the whole livelong day.  
And the zephyrs sing merrily, a glad roundelay,  
Dashing aside every semblance or life's vexing care,  
No spot upon this wide spreading earth can with it compare.  
Here the denizens of the globe in harmony dwell  
Playing the role of sweet pleasure in youth's citadel  
From the morning of life 'til the evening shadows fall,  
An existence of sunshine, a fine merry carol,  
Health giving, youth preserving, one long, radiant day,  
A boon to all travelers, come from wherever they may:  
Smith River, the favored, by the gods of the realm,  
Where human life is prolonged toward the age of the elm.  
O ! thou wonderful region, most blessed upon earth,  
Soul inspiring; land of bright visions, health and true mirth,  
A region of rare beauty that great health surely wins,  
Where human ills all vanish when a stay here begins:  
Vale of wondrous landscapes, mysterious and serene  
Where footprints in the sands tell it ever thus has been  
The home of a favored people since time first begun;  
And will ever be, until man's race below is run.



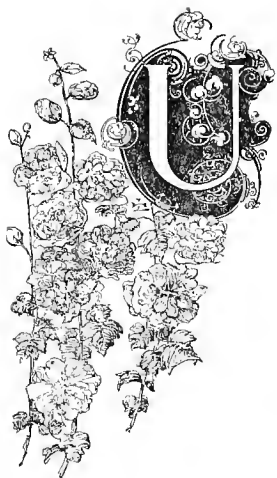
Home of Max Waterman.



Flower Garden, property of Max Waterman, where blooms the most brilliant hued  
flowers of earth. ( Photographed by Isak Erikson. )



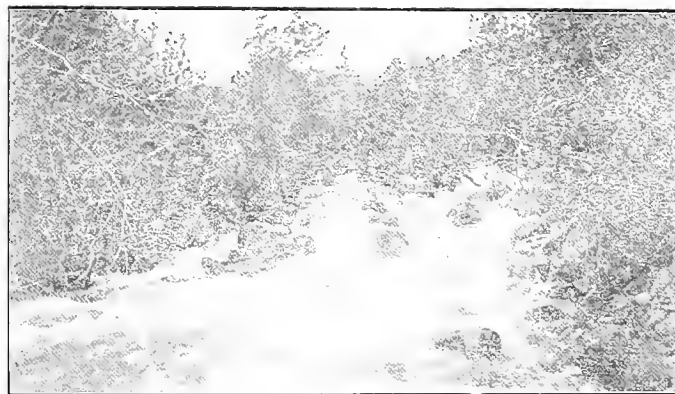
OANAN-LIKE fashioned, with life's greatest prize,  
Enraptured with the things delightful to human eyes,  
Beautiful in the aruoral light of day begun,  
And gorgeous in golden purple of setting sun,  
With evening skies more enchanting than famed Italy,  
With colors livid hued, deep crimson and gay;  
Enrapping the wild mountain peaks, the cloud and the sky,  
In a dazzle of wonderment to human skill awry,  
Bathing the vast expanse for miles in pure golden floods,  
And tinging the whole extent with the light of the gods.  
Who could not be happy with a habitation so fair,  
Where of all places on earth there's none with it to compare:  
A home perfectly enchanting, so rich and so rare,  
So full of what is beautiful and free from life's care;  
What more could man ask in this mundane world here below  
Than such an existence with radiance aglow,  
And a stay among scenes so bewildering with delight—  
The fountain of enjoyment to the feeling and sight,  
A rosary of enchantment in brilliance agleam,  
And pleasure flows onward in continuous stream,



NTO mind, aye, the soul, yes the entire living man,  
A vast world of delight, filling the whole human span  
The one acme of life on this terrestrial sphere,  
Combining in its existence all that life holds dear.  
To rest in its bosom when this life's scenes are o'er  
And mingle with the dust we ever so much adore  
Is a sweet consolation—that next to life itself—  
In a region so enchanting and productive of health,  
Imparts a thrill of pleasure as here we journey on.  
Assured that our dust when the breathing is gone  
Will rest in this valley, so loved and so beautiful,  
Where the cup of human joy is ever brimming full,  
And life to the Giver—what or who e'er he may be—  
Has flown out from all time to vast eteanity,  
Or has gone out of the body, this tenement of clay,  
To the enjoyment of life in some other way—  
And bright mind and dull matter their company shall part,  
The one to a quiet rest, and the other to start  
An existence unincumbered, untrammelled and free,  
To float about in mid-air and forever to be



Home of Dr. Wm. Parberry.



The rushing mountain torrent—Willow Creek near the live stock ranch of N. B. Smith. (Photographed by Miss Cynthia Hampton.)





KEEPING watch over the loved of the old home tree—  
An existence to go on, on indefinitely,  
Where to dwell in the flesh or in the spirit decoy.  
The stay here is a happy sojourn of endless joy.  
Nestling among clouds in attitudes sublime,  
Prehistoric, fascinating, most perfect in clime,  
Of attractions of mother earth, possessing the most—  
We gloat o'er the many glories, our pride and our boast,  
And love thee more dearly picturesque, pioneer home,  
Than the land of our childhood, from whence on the roam  
We started in our boyhood in search of a nook  
To intensify youth, and old age to brook.  
Smith River! Smith River! serene as the May,  
Entwine in our heart, O! thou theme of our lay!  
May the rest of our days in thy mystic confines,  
In life or in death, thou most gifted of shrines,  
Be of thee and with thee, O! thou that entwines  
The grandest of grandeurs, that our fondness enshrines  
In a halo, as bright and as pure as these simple lines.  
And deep as the affection that inspired these rhymes.



White Sulphur Springs' Temple of Fun, the Auditorium, to assist  
which this publication is sold.



Home of James Wright.



The Author, R. N. Sutherlin.



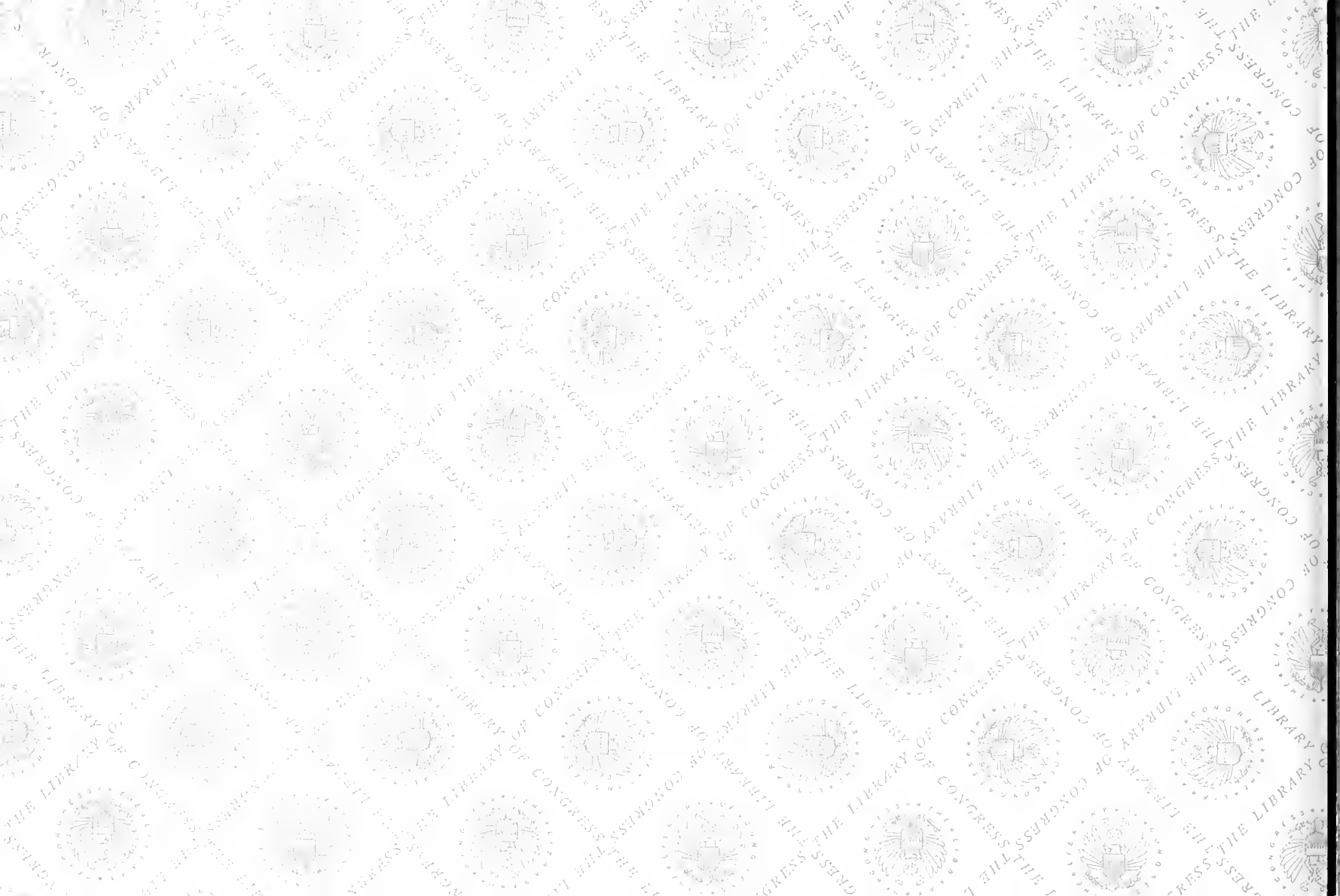
**W. H. SUTHERLIN**

One of the Founders and Editors of the "Rocky Mountain Husbandman."

Born February 11, 1840; Died June 2, 1900.









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